

THE RADICAL.

FEBRUARY, 1868.

THE CAREER OF RELIGION.

BY the term career it is intended, in this connection, to signify the different phases of character through which the religious movement passes.

The word religion is not so easily defined. It has as many meanings, almost, as there are individuals who use it. Certainly each religious class understands it in a sense peculiar to its own distinctive tenets. It is one of those terms whose significance takes color from the state of the mind, yet, after the elimination of these factitious and disturbing elements, there may still be a residue of significance which constitutes the invariable and indestructible animus of what is understood as religion amongst all peoples, and in all times. What this may be in the opinion of the writer may appear in the course of this outline of the Career of Religion.

A career is a very common phenomenon, in nature and in history. The individual plant or animal has a career; and geology reveals that races, species, genera, have careers. They begin, flourish, decay and disappear. Human life has its career. As individuals are born, grow to be men and women, enjoy all the vigor of mature age, then decline in all the energies of being, become children again, and thus close the cycle, so it may be in a general way, with all things. Dr. Draper has written a noble volume of history to show that nations like individuals pass through a definite career of development and decline. He divides the phases of national life into five: Infancy, childhood, youth, maturity, old age. Long since Charles Fourier assumed the position that the human race passes through a given career,—an idea which is shared by solid men than he. Auguste Comte, to whom the scientific world owes so much, maintains that the

human mind, both of the individual and of the race, passes through a uniform career of development. First, it is theological, then metaphysical, and lastly scientific. This grand and underlying generalization, we fully endorse, and would add that Religion too, has its career of development.

The higher brute or the lower man sees mystery in all things, and he judges all else from the point of his own simple experience. He attributes his own feelings and motives to a stone or a tree ; and inasmuch as he realizes his own impotence to control the forces outside himself, he attributes such controlling power to the object whose mystery he cannot penetrate ; and hence, he becomes a worshipper of "stocks and stones." This is Fetichism. As he advances in intelligence he learns to estimate the common objects around him more nearly at their real worth ; and in that case, he attributes the power which he does not possess, but which is still anthropomorphic for him, to magnificent objects in the distance, as sun, moon, and stars, or to imaginary beings who are like himself, only magnified and deified. From Fetichism he has grown into polytheism. The movement, however, does not stop here. One of these imaginary beings comes at length to be set above all the others, as the ruler of all things human and divine. This is monotheism ; but this one God is still anthropomorphic ; a being like man, only greater. How could it be otherwise ? He must have passions and appetites like a man ; he became angry, breathed vengeance, and then repented him like a man. We cannot imagine a being greater than ourselves without attributing to him such motives and impulses as we ourselves feel. Man has no conception of a psychological experience that is at the same time superior and unlike his own ; and consequently, he finds nothing in his God but what he himself has put there. The lower the man, the lower the character of his God ; the higher the man, the more exalted the object of his worship. All this may be common-place, yet necessary to our statement of the career of religion.

The religious faculty itself undergoes a marked change in the course of its development. Early in human history it found gratification in religious rites and observances of the most revolting character. The primitive gods being cruel, like their primitive worshippers, they must needs be pleased and appeased by the sacrifice of animals, and even of human beings. To such the odor of burning flesh was sweet incense, and the divine nostrils did not fail in appreciation. In a different phase of development the same devotional purpose has been accomplished by the infliction of self-torture, and the mortification of the natural man ; and again by humiliating attitudes and tones of

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voice, supplicating gestures, and the unmanly abasement of self in the supposed terrible presence of the imaginary being they were trying to please and conciliate. There is a vast growth in refinement from the slaughter of animals or of human beings and the burning of the same that the perfume rising from the altar may please the god, and that other expression of the religious instinct which takes the form of an humble petition for mercy ; and yet the latter is a direct lineal descendant of the former. The gods in the two cases differ ; but so do the supplicants, and the difference in the one case corresponds precisely to the difference in the other.

This change in religious manifestation has its analogies in the other faculties of the human mind.

The child is most pleased with the gaudy colors, and so is the savage devotee of fashion. With culture, however, a taste is acquired for the more delicate tints ; and the flare of the gaudy ones, once so captivating, becomes offensive. The same is true of sound. The child likes its rattles, and the savage indulges his robust and graceless dance to music as harsh and boisterous as the movements of his person. With culture, the softer tones and the gentler movements alone give pleasure. The man as he is, whether savage or civilized, affords in his life the legitimate expression of himself.

The instinct of resistance is greatly modified by culture. In its rude state it is wholly muscular, and it finds expression in muscular violence. In the case of an affront it knocks the offender down, or takes his life. Modified by greater refinement, it seeks for satisfaction in a moral way without the use of the muscles. In one case the combative man is a pugilist, and loves the art of knocking down ; in the other, one equally combative, is only a controversialist, and loves to floor his antagonist by the pure force of logic and eloquence. The nature of any faculty is not absolute ; it partakes of the nature of the other faculties with which it coöperates in the spheres of its legitimate action, chief of which is the intellect.

In nothing is the career of a faculty more discernible than in the intellectual. The dog, horse, elephant, and monkey have often shown the resources of invention in novel situations, proving their possession of a rational nature, however rudimental it may be. But beyond a limited reach of development, the native capabilities of the animal do not permit it to pass. We cannot deny the possession of reason to the savage ; but it is in a very primitive state, and not capable, in any individual instance, of great improvement. This perception of the physical objects around him may be remarkable for its clearness ; whatever depends on memory, he may acquire with great readiness ;

he may learn languages with facility and deliver himself with eloquence; but when it comes to the exercise of the higher intellectual faculties—to the conception of the relation of things and the complexities of thought—he is sure to fail; and whatever his culture, he yearns for the life of the savage still.

It is recorded of a dauphin of France, as evidence of his imbecility, that he read only the records of the marriages and deaths. There are very many who take an interest only in the current reports of the murders, suicides, rapes, and robberies,—incidents at once simple and striking in their nature, and obvious in their motive. Much of our popular literature finds relish with a class of faculties almost equally low. The higher class of histories, and works on science appeal to a very different grade of mind. In the earlier manifestations of the higher intellectual faculties, there is an obvious air of puerility. Herodotus is an example to the point which will scarcely be questioned; and as original and profound as Plato was for his day, there is yet a vein of puerility pervading his works, and often coming to the surface so broad and manifest, that our veneration for his genius, is not sufficient to conceal from us the boyish character of much that goes by his name.*

We may regard the first manifestations of intellect as the mere perception of outward objects together with their physical relations. A higher grade of mental activity consists in the combination of these individual perceptions, and generalizing the same into ideas. In going a step farther, we bring various combinations of these simple ideas together, and from the same educe ideas still more complicated and general in their character.

Science treats of natural objects and their relations; and there is a graduated scale in science rising from the simplest to the most complex; the merely mechanical taking position at the bottom of the scale, and the psychological or mental, at the top. And speaking in a general way, the understanding of the lower is necessary to the understanding of the higher. This scale in the structure of science has been the result of a career of scientific movement which is still going on, and as full of promise now as ever of great results for the extension of human knowledge.

* The effort which has been made in various countries of Europe, and which is now being made in this country (*Journal of Speculative Philosophy*, St. Louis), to renew the interest in speculations such as most of Plato's, is likely to fail. It seems like peering into the visions of Daniel, and of St. John for some wonderful import; the revelations discerned therein being put there by the interpreter from the fertile sources of his own imagination, and their light being only the corruscations of his own genius.

History has gone through a similar career. There is a great advance from Josephus to Gibbon, or from Herodotus to Niebuhr. Through the guidance of modern criticism is history entering its positive phase. The method evolved in the course of scientific research must needs be applied to history ; and the career of movement in the one must needs be parallel to the career of movement in the other.

It has been through a long career of development, embracing, for aught we know, a period of millions of years, that the human mind has attained to a clear comprehension of the positive method of inquiry, — a method which has already produced such brilliant results in the realms of science, and such marvellous changes for the better in the industrial and social fields of human endeavor. Thought has had its career of development ; then, why not religion ?

The savage can and does exercise intellectual powers which his dog, though not wholly devoid of intellect, can not exercise ; in like manner, the philosopher exercises intellectual powers, — abstraction, and the perception of higher relations, — which the savage cannot exercise. The world of thought in which the scientific man revels is a blank to the ill-born and untutored boor. Culture seems to have added something to our intellectual nature — to have actually brought new intellectual powers into existence ; for if a Comte or a Mill has not intellectual powers or faculties which a Fiji Islander has not ; then is it impossible to concede that the latter has intellectual faculties which the Chimpanzee has not. At any rate, the gradations of intellectual manifestation simply obtain as a fact which is undeniable. May not the same be true of our religious nature ? Why should it be fixed and uniform through ages of change and development when the intellectual nature is not ?

To the religion of the savage, a sensuous, tangible god is an indispensable condition. Even the Great Spirit of the North American Indians loves bear meat, and is a very physical sort of spirit. With more cultured peoples, as the ancient Greeks and Romans, there is greater power of abstraction than with Fetish worshippers, and an anthropomorphic being figured in the imagination may be sufficient. Both are religious on their respective planes. Now, if mankind can be religious on mental planes so different, and with gods so unlike each other, may they not be religious without belief in any god at all ? John Stuart Mill affirms that there may be a religion without belief in a god. But whether there can be or not, we cannot clearly determine until we have ascertained what the essential element of religion is ; until we have eliminated all that is incidental and factitious, and thereby ascertained in what religion really consists.

Meantime, we may press the inquiry further. May there not be religion without reference to any other life than this? Comte assumes that there may be. He endeavored to construct a system of religion without the seemingly needful condition of a future life. Indeed, we have high authority for believing that such a religion obtains in Eastern Asia, and is the only religion of one-third the human race, the religion of Buddha, of which the doctrine of the Nirwána, not of absorption, but of annihilation, is an essential part.* For hundreds of years the Jews knew nothing of a life hereafter, yet we cannot say that the Jews, though a wayward, were an irreligious people. The Mosaic dispensation found the entire field for its operation in this life alone.

I do not quote Feuerbach, or any other author, as an ultimate authority; but when in the midst of a great deal of dialectical jargon, as the fashion of Germany is, Feuerbach wrote the following, he put upon record an immortal thought: "Man has his highest being, his God in himself, not in himself as an individual, but in his essential nature, his species. No individual is an adequate representative of his species, but only the human individual is conscious of the distinction between the species and the individual; in the sense of this distinction lies the root of religion. The yearning of man for something above himself is nothing else than the longing after the perfect type of his nature, the yearning to be free from himself, that is, free from the limits and defects of his individuality."

Again, "The certainty of God is here nothing else than the self-certainty of human feeling, the yearning after God is the yearning after unlimited pure feeling. In life the feelings are interrupted; they

* "How a religion which taught the annihilation of all existence, of all thought, of all individuality, and personality, as the highest object of all endeavors, could have laid hold of the minds of millions of human beings, and how at the same time, by enforcing the duties of morality, justice, kindness, and self-sacrifice, it could have exercised a decided beneficial influence, not only on the natives of India, but on the lowest barbarians of Central Asia, is one of the riddles which no philosophy has yet been able to solve."

Thus Max Müller quoted in Westminster Review, to which the editor adds: "The Professor's vindication, in the additional letter, of the view which he had expressed respecting Nirvána, as an extinction for ever of all consciousness, if not an annihilation, — as a destruction, not an absorption into Deity, — is altogether complete. The observations addressed to him would not have been made, if those from whom they proceeded had been acquainted with the standard authorities to which Mr. Max Müller refers; nor, perhaps, unless there had been a disinclination upon theological grounds to acknowledge that a third of the human races have lived and died for ages without a belief in God, and desiring the extinction of their own souls."

collapse ; they are followed by a state of void, of insensibility. The religious problem, therefore, is to give fixity to feeling in spite of the necessities of life, to separate it from repugnant disturbances and limitations."

It cannot be repeated too often that religion, "the yearning of man for something above himself is nothing else than the longing after the perfect type of his nature." Religion is aspiration in the noblest sense of the word. This we understand to be the true import of religion shorn of its accidents and accessories ; it is that which obtains in all stages of worship and devotion from the lowest to the highest. The stolid devotee practicing his incantations in the solitary wilderness ; the more ambitious enthusiast torturing his poor body on iron hooks or lacerating it with leathern thongs ; the fanatic who hides himself in a cave, or otherwise shuts himself out from the pleasures of the world : the pietists who believe in a sacerdotal order, build temples, and sustain a costly worship, as well as those who meet in humbler places to pray, sing psalms, and exhort each other to greater holiness of life ; — all are aspiring to commune with something that is above themselves, to obtain something greater than they now have, to be something nobler than they now are.

Comte's substitute for the ordinary conception of God, his "grand etre" (The Human Race), finds illustration in Feuerbach's statement of the essential religion, as given above. If religion be a perpetual aspiration toward a higher standard of manhood and womanhood, then may there be religion without belief in an objective God, and without the assumption of eternity for individual existence. A man may be religious who thinks he will only live seventy years as well as he who thinks that he will live forever. The latter may believe that his life in this world should be such as to enable him to secure happiness in the next ; the former may believe that he should live to-day so as to be fitted for the noblest life to-morrow, that life at all times should be such as to secure the greatest sum of happiness, not for a day or a year, but for an entire lifetime. As did Plato of old, so spiritualists now-a-days, hold that we enter upon the next sphere of existence with the discipline and capacity for happiness which has been acquired in this. There are those who think that life here and life hereafter are very unlike things, and that we must perpetually crucify the natural instincts in this life in order to be prepared for the life which is to come ; — but all are aiming at the same thing, preparation for the enjoyment of future life. And a follower of Comte or a Buddhist may be religious in the same sense with the Spiritualist or the Lutheran, since the life of one day or lustrum affords the discipline

with which we enter upon life the day or the lustrum which follows. Since all are aiming at the same thing, properly using the present with reference to the future, all may be equally religious, however unequal in the efficiency of the methods adopted to secure the end in view.

If this view be correct, religion is not relegated to the realms of the unknowable as it appears to be in the philosophy of Herbert Spencer. Theology, however, is so relegated; it having only to do with the wierd and misty mazes of the unexplored which the intellect cannot thread. It is the practical end of religion to make the most in reality of an entire lifetime. It pertains to things present and knowable in their relation to their sequences in the life of which we are cognizant. It has its present, and it cannot be robbed of its future. If there be a personal God,—a proposition which science neither affirms nor denies; if there be a life hereafter,—a proposition which science neither proves nor disproves; still we have no reason to conclude that the religion which requires us to aspire to the noblest attainments of manhood through will and work, will not be most pleasing to that God, and best for us in the world to come.

M. Ernest Renan thus characterizes the religious man: "The man who takes life seriously, and employs his activity in the pursuit of a generous end, he is the religious man; the frivolous, the superficial, with no lofty morality, he is the impious."

In the April No. of the *North American Review* for the current year, is a very liberal article on "Religious Liberty," in which, after defining his view of religion, the writer says: "In such a view of religion as that which has now been set forth, theist and atheist, christian and infidel, find ground for union in mutual charity, confidence, and help, and for common labor in the endless work to advance mankind in virtue and happiness." And again, this noble utterance: "The spirit of the teaching of Jesus is gaining its true power over the world. The churches are failing, and there is a new birth of religion. Men are rejecting all ecclesiastical organizations that attempt to set bounds to religion, or to inclose the spirit in a form of words. That spirit, that religion which is the corner-stone of our modern society, the religion, the Christianity of America, rejects all bonds, claims all men as hers, receives all as equal brothers, makes no distinction in love, feasts with publicans, sinners, and infidels, lifts, the lowest and most forlorn to her heart, binds the whole nation in indissoluble union, is popular, is democratic, is individual, is universal."

I repeat that there is a career of movement in religion. There has been a gradual softening down of the puritanism of the olden times. William Ellery Channing and his friends may have thought that he

had attained to the utmost reach of radicalism beyond which it would not be lawful to go. But Theodore Parker did not think so; he advanced still another step; and no doubt many of his admirers thought it the ultimate limit of absolute truth; but possibly there is a still further advance which timid spirits would gladly, but cannot, stay. This movement shows itself in the history of certain families. In some instances in which there has been a succession of clergymen in the same family, and the last representative rather notable for the expansion of his views, it will be found that the seed of liberalism began to germinate three or four generations back, and that there has been a gradual development of the same from father to son down to the present time.

However, was Unitarianism, for example, a natural development from New England Puritanism? Never. There was nothing in the rigid tenets of the New England Fathers that would ever of itself develop into the liberal doctrines of our own times. Whence, then, have the latter come? From outside influences. A race, human or animal, changes through the influence of outside forces acting from generation to generation; and just so precisely do religions change. It was the growth of science and its diffusion, together with the general culture effected through popular education, that have necessitated change in the religious thinking of those who are susceptible enough to be permeated by these forces of the educational movement. So far from resulting in the spirit of progress, it is the special function of the old system to resist such a tendency. There is perpetual antagonism of the two forces, the one holding back, the other pushing forward, and there is no emergence of the one from the other, nor any reconciliation between them. Religious liberalism is the result of other forces, not born of theology, which are carrying mankind forward. But there is this anomaly that while the positive and negative are forever opposite, the historical magnet is easily reversed, and what was once on the side of progress, may become conservative to what is more liberal than itself. Let us beware of fixing upon any point as the religious stopping place for all mankind; it may only be a way-station; and the moving world admits of no such absolutism. The conservative tendency is a very needful thing in its proper place; but so far as it aims to hold back the legitimate movement forward, it allies itself with the rankest bigotry which would not permit any movement at all. The moderate party, which is liberal in relation to the old, and conservative in relation to the new, should no more lay down laws for the arrest of movement beyond it, than submit to laws which would have prevented its own coming out from the antiquated forms which it had fairly outgrown.

Philosophy has entered its positive stage ; so has historical literature ; may not religion, too, be entering its positive phase of development ? It is casting off old forms, breaking down old distinctions, and becoming allied with individual freedom and a healthy and catholic toleration. The religious impulse is becoming chastened through the intellectual discernment of what it is in which religion essentially consists, wherein it appears that not this clique, sect, or party, monopolizes all the religion, but that it is found in the most diverse ranks and classes, and in the heart alone without regard to the supposed efficacy of theological dogmas.

The conception that the real object of religion lies, not without, but within, the human kind, that it is not to appease an offended deity, or to flatter the vanity of an imaginary god, but to exalt the individual and the race, not by faith so much as by an earnest will to work ; — this may be the distinctive feature of the positive phase of the religious movement.

There can be no positivism in theology, however. Religion and theology have been so closely allied in past stages of their career, that they have often been mistaken as identical ; but if religion continue to advance, it must break to pieces, and come out of, its theological shell. What was indispensable to the earlier stages of development becomes an incumbrance later in life. Theology is the incident, religion the essence, the constant quality : and thus will survive long after the other has perished.

Should the inquiry be made, "What comes next in the career of religion after the positive phase ?" we might answer by asking, "What comes next in the career of human thought after the positive phase ?" Whether it be an ascending or a descending series, we know not. When we are without adequate data, it becomes us not to decide. Human experience may not have advanced sufficiently far on the curve of development, to enable us as yet to calculate the path of the entire orbit. The positive movement has no doubt a career of its own, and it is in that, it will be the pride and glory of mankind to establish more surely than heretofore, their claims to the dignity of truly rational and religious beings.

To assume that we are the best of mankind and the sole recipients of divine favor has always been the trick of intellectual narrowness. In its isolated condition, every nation of ancient times might nurse its vanity with comparatively little disturbance, and it was pretty sure to entertain the conceit that it was itself morally the best, if not physically the strongest people in the world. Individuals who see little of mankind, are more apt than travelled persons, to fall into a similar

error. This conceit of self-superiority has been especially prominent in connection with the religious feelings of mankind. As we all know, each religion of the world is held by its votaries to be the only true one;—we are in the fold, and all others are outside of it. The same has been true of the sects of any particular religion;—God looks upon our people with a little more favor than upon any others. Indeed it was once a prevalent dogma that God foreordained a part of mankind to eternal happiness, and left the rest—far the greater portion—to eternal reprobation; and we, the elect, must insist upon close communion, for the simple reason that the consecrated table is not ours, but the Lord's. When a Metonali or a Persian breaks the dishes from which a Christian has eaten, in order the more certainly to escape defilement, or, when the antinomian shuts out his fellow Christians from the Lord's table,—these we may regard as extreme manifestations of superstitious bigotry and exclusiveness. But, is it not bigotry of the same type to refuse religious recognition to the so-called atheist who is an earnest, noble man, with sympathy for his fellow creatures, and ready even to sacrifice himself for what he deems a good? May we not justly regard these narrow notions which exclude some of the most sincere lovers of truth from the domain of religion, as fragmentary and mistaken? The bigotry and spiritual pride which close their doors against great thinkers and good men, men devoted to science, education, and the elevation of the people, noble, earnest, working men,—the arbitrary and ill-founded test which would rule out some of the best of the living and the dead, and entire nations from religious recognition and send them to hell because they have not accepted certain dogmas and patronized certain ecclesiastical organizations,—may we not justly regard these as errors of the intellectual night from which we are emerging—errors which are doomed to disappear before the evolution and spread of scientific knowledge, the wider recognition of the scientific methods of research, together with the general progress of civilization, and the accompanying development of human sympathy and of the knowledge and instinct of justice?

This conceit, and selfishness, and bigotry, and exclusiveness, which is born and nurtured of ignorance, is passing away, and in the wreck of systems, only that one will survive which is broad enough to comprehend all who are faithful to their own convictions of right and duty. A power is developing above the spirit of sect, in consequence of which, the partition walls are breaking down, and the very instinct of religion becoming more catholic and cosmopolitan. The assumptions of self-righteousness and exclusiveness are incompatible with an

enlarged culture. The conviction is becoming irresistible that it is not the acceptance of dogma, nor worship by prescribed forms, but excellence of life, of character, that should constitute the standard of religious recognition. Brave words have by no means been uttered in vain. It *is* religious to be earnest in the pursuit of a noble end; it *is* irreligious to be absorbed in utter selfishness, and to fritter life away with never a manly purpose. Religion does mean work; earnestness does redeem; sham kills.

In a sense different from any herein stated, this is but part of a movement which is universal. The tendency is from what is fragmentary, isolated, and disjointed to what is more complete, comprehensive, and united. As in the political movement, progress has been from clans, tribes, and petty principalities to kingdoms and empires, and now manifestly toward continental unity; so in religion, the movement is from isolation and exclusiveness to greater liberality and breadth of religious sentiment, and the wider scope of fraternal recognition; and to this very end, a seemingly antagonistic movement — the multiplication of sects — has itself largely contributed.

Besides its historical and logical supports, this view of religion has for a liberal mind what the exclusive and dogmatic systems have not. While each of them "cantons out its little Goshen," and contracts the range of its sympathies, this makes ample provision for the religious recognition of all grades of religious people, from the stolid worshipper who mumbles to his uncouth images, to the man of science who worships in spirit and in work. The one is intolerant by the very conditions of its existence; the other completely exterminates bigotry, takes the virus out of the odium theologicum, and throws the mantle of brotherhood and toleration over all.

J. STAHL PATTERSON.

THE TEMPLE.

IN some old legend of the vanished Past,
Some half-forgotten story,
Some tale of Rome, the mistress of the world,
Or Athens' primal glory,

We read of those, who in their fullest prime
Faded from mortal vision,
The great grand heroes of the early time,
Who walk the fields Elysian.

They dwelt with men on earth, and then were not;
But in some temple splendid,
Their statues stand, a pale majestic throng,
By white-robed priests attended.

And so, I thought, our friendships fast and firm,
No chance nor change could sever,
Suddenly vanish from our longing eyes,
And disappear forever.

It may be they are walking with the gods,
O'er meadows ever vernal,
Or set as constellations in the skies,
Light up the heavens eternal.

But we, left desolate, can only carve
From tender recollections,
A calm, white statue in our heart of hearts,
Incensed with sweet affections.

There priestly thoughts pace reverent, to and fro,
Before the altar holy,
While from the shrine the fragrant, dusky clouds,
Rise solemnly and slowly.

And when the toil of busy day is o'er,
And Memory opes her portals,
We glide within the silent temple's door,
And dwell with the Immortals.

L. F.

"THE BLOOD OF CHRIST."

THE one doctrine most prominent in the mass of preaching and religious literature of our day is, the efficacy of blood to cleanse the soul from sin. Nor is the notion peculiar to our time or our religion, but seems to take on more distinctness as we pass the limits of civilization, or look back into antiquity. The blood of man or beast has always laved the altars of the gods.

This theory of purification is set forth with sufficient grossness in the New Testament, and one is continually running upon the assertion that the blood of Christ, shed once for all, washes every believer of his guilt.

Now what is the truth that is at the bottom of all this? Wherein is the true religious significance of blood, which, under one or another repulsive form, has been made to stain every system of faith the world has known?

There is a story of an Oriental monarch that will serve to illustrate the view I propose to develop. His daughter, having formed an ardent attachment for one of his subjects of a rank unsuited to connection with royalty, setting connubial above filial affection or obedience, ran away with her lover. The father, by the exercise of his absolute authority, soon procured the arrest and return of the fugitives. Knowing his power, they deemed of course that their fate was sealed, that they must expiate their hardihood with their lives. In this despairing state of mind they awaited in chains, the hour that should bring them before the king. Summoned at length into his presence, dejected and hopeless, they presented themselves. They expected to meet a cold, relentless judge, pale with wrath, and carried by his indignation beyond the bounds of human sympathy. Scarcely dared they look up in his face, so shamed they were, and smitten with fear; but, surprised by his gentle tone of address, they ventured to raise their eyes. Still greater surprise came over them then to see what genial warmth and benignity was in his countenance. Instead of foaming with anger, he sat composed and dignified upon his throne; and in the face that they had thought to see white with vengeful emotion, the warm blood coursed freely and showed no lack of tender feeling. His look betrayed the consciousness that, had he been one of them, he might under the same circumstances, have done the same thing. Instantly hope sprang up in the hearts of the guilty pair. At sight of the blood that flushed with sympathy the father's face, they threw themselves at

his feet, and found strength to implore his pardon, which was freely granted. Thus by his blood, we may say, they were cleansed of their sin, for first, by sight of it, they were emboldened to ask forgiveness, and then, by virtue of his having it, he was able to absolve them.

Now, upon reflection, we find this is the way it is always. Forgiveness springs out of the sensuous nature, from the human flesh and blood. A full habit is the usual accompaniment of good nature. Corpulency commonly involves charity, that is, love, good feeling, and so covers a multitude of sin. Magnanimity means, practically, a large body, almost as certainly as a large mind. At all events, it seldom subsists without the veins and arteries being well filled. You look for generosity where the blood flows full and free ; and for meanness where there is a lack of this vital current. If you were soliciting aid for a needy person, and should come upon a promiscuous assemblage of strangers, you would not be likely first to approach some little, sickly man of lean and wizened and colorless visage ; you would be instinctively drawn to persons of fair and open face, of large and liberal form—to flesh and blood for sympathy. You might not always find it there, but the indications all point that way. On the contrary, if a thin, cold face does after all prove to have a warm heart beneath, you may be sure it has sometime been fed with a plentiful flow of the life current, and that that face has not always been the shadow that it is.

The sensuous element is the generous, forgiving element. It is blood, not blood spilt, coagulated, cold and dead, but warm and gushing in human veins, that softens this otherwise hard, unfeeling nature, and makes it yield to circumstances, and generously overlook injuries. It relieves the penitent of his sins by meeting him half-way with abundant tenderness and sympathy. It somehow seems to act from a sense of obligation in this matter ; to ease the burden of sin, knowing that it is itself the cause of sin ; that it is a fire in the blood that leads people into the wrong course ; that "it is the carnal mind that is at enmity against God ;" that "flesh and blood cannot enter into the kingdom of heaven." And well we know that without this same blood, so ready to repair its own ravages, there is no remission of sins, no way the *soul* can enter heaven. Is the fair, human blood that is in my brother's veins, the generous life-current that is ever renewing itself from an exhaustless store, from the food that nature dispenses to her child, and from the vast atmosphere in which she has wrapped the earth—it is this that enables him to look kindly on me, even when I have done him wrong, and freely to forgive me when I manifest a desire to be forgiven.

There is no trouble in seeing how a *man* may be sympathetic and forgiving. It is hard to see how he can help it. His nature requires him to relent and be kind. We say he is no man if he does not; that he has no heart in him. This being of flesh and blood is bound to feel, and to be governed by his feeling much more than by his judgment. His material nature may make him a sinner, but by it only does he become divine, by it only does he learn how sweet and blessed it is to be merciful where he might be only just, tender and kind where he might be hard and oppressive.

Now one of the mischiefs of the conception that God is a spirit, and only a spirit, is to strip him of this very quality so lovely in man. Directly we take this view we unavoidably fashion God wholly after our mental powers. This Being who is pure spirit, we say, can have no heart no feeling; he is simply the perfection of thought and will. There is no warmth, no tenderness, no *blood* in him. Though Hell swell to the dimensions of half the universe, he looks indifferently upon all its agony. Though the whole earth perish, he cares not. Everything is fixed by the stern mandate of inflexible law. There is no care, no considerateness, no mercy, no letting up, anywhere. Everything is cut in straight lines, and nothing yields or bends a hair.

It is clear enough that this "wooden view of things," as a lady happily characterizes it, excludes all notion of pardon. Where Judge and Executive have no heart, pleading and prayer are idle vaporings. The cry of anguish rising from all the hells, the agony of prayer going up from the whole earth, fall without effect upon the ear of this impalpable Being, etherealized to the point of spiritual tenuity, and existing only as an Idea, a Law, a Force.

But why posit such a God? Why take as the type of his being a disembodied soul, a soul cut loose from substance, shorn of heart and feeling, and all the generous qualities of this sensuous nature? If man is a type of God at all, why not be his entirely? Why single out this mental part and say, in that alone the human images the divine? A man goes from his own personality to God's rationally enough; he says, 'I am conscious; God must have consciousness. I think and will; God thinks and wills.' But why stop here? why not go on to say, I feel, and God must feel? or, rather, why does he not begin by saying this?

If man has anything that is like God, it must be that which is noblest and best in him. And if we would step from this highest being we know to the Supreme, we should start from the point that is highest in him. And what is that? What quality by common consent is called the divine in man? Is it the power to think? Do we call

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Aristotle divine, because he could thread so well the intricate paths of philosophy? or Newton, because he could follow the stars in their courses? Not at all. These men were only great. Do we call Napoleon I. divine, or Andrew Johnson, because with equally indomitable spirits, though somewhat unequal abilities, one moulded a nation and almost a continent by the tremendous force of his character, and the other doggedly obstructs with his own will the will of the most unmanageable people in the world? Not by any means. We do not so abuse language. Nobody has ever thought of confounding strong-mindedness with heavenly mindedness. Great power of thought, great power of will — these do not make a man godlike. The cranium is not the home of the divinities. To be headstrong is, indeed, not at all in the direction of being divine. The divine thing in man is the heart — feeling, sympathy, love. The language of moderns is all in evidence of this. The man of heart, of sensibility, of pure and generous impulses, is the man of God the world over, without any reference to the amount of knowledge or force of character he may have.

Look now at the strange confusion of ideas in that view of God which not only does not begin by predicating of him what is divinest in man, but leaves it out altogether. Man is godlike when he has a heart to feel for the woes of others; God himself has no heart and feels for nothing! Man is divine when he forgives injuries, and has compassion on his enemies; the Divine Being never pities or forgives! The godly man is gentle, kind, easily entreated; God himself is hard, exacting, and implacable as fate!

This confusion arises from expressing an anti-Christian sentiment in language strongly modified by Christian ideas. The time was when humane feelings, it seems, did not suggest a divine character. The heroes of antiquity who were deified do not appear to owe their elevation to any qualities of heart which we regard as virtues. Strength and beauty were the divine attributes in those days. That warm sensibilities and a forgiving disposition are godlike, is an idea which, if it did not originate with, has certainly been signally emphasized by Christianity. Indeed, this may be said to be, on the human side, its essential idea.

How has this idea been so deeply impressed upon the Christian world?

Jesus seems to have been thoroughly imbued with the conception of a tender, compassionate God whom he always called his Father. But it is probable that not even his clearness of expression, and his example of faith, would have sufficed to impress his view upon any considerable part of the world, had it not been for a doctrine which early

began to develop itself in the Church, the doctrine that Jesus himself is God. While men continued to think of God as a spirit, they could not, except by a breach of reason, attribute to him pity, love, or any of the finer human qualities that we call sentiments. He was without form and void, cold and inexorable as law, a shadow, a Ghost. We know the impression that is commonly made by the appearance, or fancied appearance, of a ghost. We feel a shrinking at the thought of it. Its hands, if they touch us, are icy cold. There is no love, no tenderness in it. As it draws near, we shudder, or fly away. It may be the sprite of a dear father gone before, but we look not for a father's fondness in its shadowy form. Hamlet crouches in terror before the ghost, even when he knows it is his father. So, though Jesus and a few like him insist that this Infinite Ghost is the loving Father of all, men, for the most part, think of him with trembling, and are fain to fly in terror from his manifestation. This sensuous nature shrinks affrighted from that shadowy Being, and hastens to clothe him in all hard and cold and unlovely attributes. It will not believe there is any warmth or feeling in him.

To meet this very difficulty the doctrine was developed, in the order of Providence, that God had appeared in the person of the man Jesus — taken upon himself flesh and blood. This was a revelation. It opened a crevice in the hard wall of fate, through which men obtained a glimpse of the heart of God. They saw him gentle and kind and full of unutterable love. Before, when they thought of him as a Spirit, they would as soon think of asking some avenging ghost, haunting the house of its murderer, to forgive the crime, as to ask God to forgive sin; now, as they see him warm with sensuous life, with a human heart beating in his bosom, they pour out before him their penitential tears, confident that he will be moved by their entreaty, and forgive their sins of how deep soever a dye. "The blood of Christ," generous, human blood in the veins of a God, "cleanseth from all sin." That is to say, it assures the soul of pardon, just as the same crimson current, touching with expressive tenderness the face of the Oriental king, assured the fugitive lovers that they would be spared, and acknowledged as children of the royal family. The soul that sees in Jesus its God, has none of the old dread of a Ghost.

To look a little into the reason of this. The effect of thinking of God always as a spirit is to harden and stiffen him into Law, which never bends, but breaks everything that comes in its way. Man perceives enough of this law as it applies to him to fasten upon his soul the consciousness of sin. The law is perfect and demands perfectness; human nature is imperfect and unable to satisfy the demand.

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Conscious of this perfect law, and of his own inability to meet its requirements, man is burdened with a sense of his failure, and the curse of the law rests upon him. How shall he be relieved of this burden? How deliver himself from this curse, from the state of inharmony with the perfect Being, and reach the chord which vibrates in unison with the whole? Only apprehending in God as the supreme attribute, LOVE; by recognizing him not merely as a law, an energizing force, a moral essence, but as a merciful, forbearing, loving Being as well; as having, like man, to complement his spiritual nature, the quality of feeling, the sensibility that belongs to the heart.

"The understanding," says Feuerbach, "judges only according to the stringency of law; the heart accommodates itself, in considerate, lenient, relenting. No man is sufficient for the law which moral perfection sets before us; but, for that reason, neither is the law sufficient for man, for the heart. . . . Love is the middle term, the substantial bond, the principle of reconciliation between the perfect and the imperfect, the sinless and sinful being, the universal and the individual, the divine and the human." Love that does this is no mystic, visionary thing, floating in the head of a dreamer, and affirmed, against reason, of an immaterial Being, but real love, such as throbs in human breasts, a love vital, having flesh and blood for its basis and working mightily in the hearts of all the living. That love alone that is born out of human flesh and blood, has absolution for the sins that flesh and blood commit. A being influenced only by moral principles, can never forgive a breach of moral law. He who traverses the law is run over and broken by the law. Unmitigated judgment falls upon the head of the criminal when the judge adheres strictly to the statute and puts no heart, no kindly human blood into his decisions.

Man stands before his Judge and pleads guilty. He feels the sword of the absolute law hanging over him and ready to bury itself in their heart. What recourse has he? None whatever, while he looks on the bloodless side of the Divine character, while he regards God as an immaterial Will, an infinite Thought, a universal Force, a Holy Ghost. But let him see Him as a man, the purest, the gentlest, the best of men; let the humanity, the flesh and blood of Christ appear on the judgment seat, warm with its sensuous life, and beaming with sympathy, and there is a way open to find relief from sin. Heart responds to heart, and love bridges over the gulf that separates man from God. Before this universal solvent, remorse, fear, and all enmities disappear. The Father, touched as a man with the feeling of mortal infirmities, bends pityingly over his child. In the face of the Son, the sinner sees a compassionate, forgiving God. What wonder

then that Christians should say, as they bring up this Being before their minds, his countenance all aglow with tenderest sympathy, "The blood of Christ cleanseth us from all sin." Only a glimmer of the truth at the bottom of this may ever have crossed the mind of the apostle who wrote it, but the truth when it is reached will be found to refer, not to blood poured out in crucifixion by the nails that punctured the hero's hands, or the spear thrust in his side, — *that* watered the ground and had no more worth, — but to living blood in the person of this man, who was at the same time God, assuring the beholder of the clemency of the being in whom its crimson current flowed so bright and fair.

The deification of Christ was the first great triumph of true religious philosophy. It gave God a heart, without which it were impossible to love him, or to be loved by him. Religion without the idea of a God-man — at least one such — is scarcely possible. Prayer to a Law, a Force, an inexorable Will, is as idle as talking to the wind. But a man, raised to the godhead, fills it with all tenderness and pity and love. The mind has placed before it an object which it can fondly worship, hopefully, rationally implead. Thus is it made possible for God to be just, and the justifier of him who sees the Father in the person of one of his sons. It is the sublimer justice that we call mercy, the justice that the heart teaches, the justice we see dispensed in the exuberant life of nature.

But while the apotheosis of one man, pre-eminently worthy, is the grandest triumph theology has yet made, it is but one step toward the true basis of religion. It is not enough to single out a single individual of the race, and make him God; man, as such, should be held divine. The Word is made flesh and dwells among us, not for six months, or a year, or two, or three, but for all time. God becomes man and man becomes God perpetually. The universal man is the divine man. The ALL is God, and while he is Spirit he is Substance too — unbending law on one side, and generous, overflowing, pardoning love on the other; as represented by the conscience, the intellect, rigid as the hand of fate; as represented by the heart, considerate, relenting, beneficent.

The blood of Jesus is spilt and gone to dust, and it is only by a constant effort of retrospection that any one is benefited by it. We must bring him back in the flesh before our minds in all the freshness and vigor of his youth, and see God in the living man, or it goes for nothing. There is a certain charm that age throws over things, and distance in time, as in space, has its enchantment, making the past look like a golden age, while its heroes, by a sort of mirage, loom up

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as very gods. But human nature was never any better than it is now, and it may well be doubted whether it was ever so good. Of one blood have all nations been made, and, in men of the same high order, God manifests himself in drops not less pure than flushed the face of Jesus. It is safe to say that they who see no signs of God in the persons of the living to-day, would have been equally blind if they had lived at the Christian era, and, with the conservative Jews, would have been gazing back at Moses and the prophets, while the kingliest son of God walked daily before them in the guise of a laborer, talking of his kingdom.

It is the blood of humanity in which God presents to us continually the sensuous, loving side of his own nature. For this it flies to the cheek of modesty when a thought impure or unjust rises in the mind, and warms with interest the countenance of the generous soul when there is work to be done or money to be spent for a noble cause, and floods with sympathy each gentle, feeling face, at recital of any story of suffering or wrong, giving in all the warmth and yearning, in all the leniency and long-suffering of the human heart, an expression of the divine commiseration. When, in the devotion of a man to his friend or his household, when, in the readiness of brother and sister to care and suffer for each other, when, in the love of a mother for her child, we are led to realize that we see, not merely the likeness of God, but God himself, the way in which this Being can forgive sin will not be hard to understand; and the moment we see him thus we shall find ourselves placed *en rapport* with him, and, as by a new birth, relieved of our burden of sin — in the highly wrought figure of the Apocalypse, “washed and made white in the blood of the Lamb.”

Blood, fresh and flowing in human veins, imparting life and beauty and tenderness to man, is quite another thing from spilt blood, after which the religious world has gone mad. One is the sign and symbol of sweetness, gentleness, love; the other is the token of cruelty and oppression. It requires a long time to harden the sensibilities to the sight of blood poured out, so as not to make the heart sick and keep its sympathetic currents from curdling in the veins; and nothing but the incessant repetition of the thought saves the good people who have it always in mind from being horrified by it. Look at these two pictures, and compare their effect upon you. See that youth, full of life and vigor, warmed and animated by the vital streams that, propelled by his beating heart, rush through innumerable conduits over his form, painting it with such exquisite hues as no artist can ever reach, and making every limb and feature expressive of keen sensibility and a wondrous power of love. It is a goodly sight. It fills

one with satisfaction, with pleasing and inspiring sensations. One feels like putting into the mouth of this fair figure the words, "He who has seen me, has seen the Father." Look again. An assassin has plunged a dagger into the heart of that youth, and the life current, whose pulsations had created such richness of sensuous expression, is gushing out upon the ground, and there it stands a dark and hideous puddle! As your eye meets it, how you turn away in horror! It has lost its power to tell of sympathy, of a tender, benignant God. It has no more attractiveness; it is loathesome, and you make haste to get it out of your sight.

This is the difference between the power of life and the power of death; between God revealed in the life blood of the world and God dead and buried with the spilt blood of any one. It is the life of God in humanity, disclosing the sweetness and tenderness of the divine character, which has power to cleanse the soul from sin and fill it with immortal hope and joy. It is the living, throbbing heart of man, which is the heart of God as well, that draws out the stings of remorse and imparts the blessedness of absolution. The soul of things, we perceive, is love; the supreme law, beneficence. It is no Nemesis, no fleshless, avenging Ghost that we approach in prayer and exalt in song; it is the God whose type, whose image, nay, whose very self, is what is divinest in man; the strength of devotion, the glory of self-renunciation, the love that wells out of the infinite deeps of the heart.

NEWTON M. MANN.

TABLETS.

"Who shapes his Godhead out of flesh or stone,
Knows not a God; but he who lives like one."

XV.

CONSIDERING the exceeding demands the mind makes on the senses, and their tendency to idolatry, it were strange if the faith in one God, personal and invisible, to be worshipped without image, graven or conceived, should find followers — a theism thus spiritual and remote from the senses, seeking symbols in pure thought being attainable by the spiritually illuminated only. Yet a faith less intellectual and personal, any school of theology not grounded herein, any creed founded on two or more principles, — on substance, on force, law, tradition, miracle, authority, — is but a covert atheism, how-

ever honestly believed, ending in nihilism and necessity. Baseless, void of life, is any religion without this assurance, of the Personal One animating all souls, inspiring all with his immanent presence and constant support.

XVI.

THIS belief in Two Principles, or more, as coeval and eternal, convicts of duplicity, triplicity of conception, lacks unity of interdependence, and is a polytheism, however conceived or named. Nor do we escape the delusion by conceiving these as embracing a trinity in unity, or unity in trinity, since The One is wanting as the unit and measure of Personality. Three persons in one, or one in three, were a trigod and monster. Communicable but not divisible, personality is the copula of all Being, without which God were not. But this Deuce has played a prime part in the theologies of all times. But once or twice in history do we find thought free from the notion of duality, and embodying itself in the idea of the Personal One, as the ground of all Being — as in Parmenides, Plato, Plotinus — the Greek genius it would seem, being the earliest to master this problem of pure Personality, and plant therein a faith and cultus. Nor may we claim for the Hebrew people this achievement. If it rose to an intuition in the mind of the Judean thinker, it passed away with him, since all Christendom is still busied in mythologizing about Personality, — divides and subdivides into schools of theology, debating his rank in Godhead or manhood — Orthodox, Trinitarian, pitted against heterodox Arian, Unitarian, Swedenborgian against these — all too deeply immersed in individualism to find their common brotherhood in the Father.

When thou approachest to The One,
Self from thyself thou first must free,
Thy cloak duplicity cast clean aside,
And in the Being's Being Be.

XVII.

It must be confessed that the current faith of the cultivated nations has not educated them fully into its spiritual idea — Christendom, with its sacred traditions, its powerful instrumentalities, the prestige of centuries, being impelled forward by outside pressures rather than from within — trade, international communication, the new tendencies and impulses, driving it forwards with a momentum inevitable, and fast converting it into the world-religion its professors must further. It becomes them to second this impulse by revising their inefficient, temporizing policy, and thus meet openly the immediate issues of the hour.

What if the Hebrew's thought his brother's best did beat,
If not in Saxon souls he fix his princely seat?

XVIII.

BORROWING our faith from the Jew long since, and taking it again at large from Puritan fathers, judaized to the extent which their blood permitted, it were surprising if we set at once aside a creed thus in-born and become second nature by inculcation and habit. I, for my part, while acknowledging due indebtedness for all that is natural and good in what was so prized and deified by them, could have wished the genial Jove had preceded their grim Jehovah, and bequeathed us a smiling Olympus instead of their blazing Sinai. And as I look into the faces of the rising generation, I fancy it shares my impatience, as weary as I am of this "O Clo'" dispensation, and intent on dressing itself in plain homespun Saxon forthwith. If the Greeks received their Gods from Egypt and Phœnicia, Rome hers from Greece, and we ours from Rome, Judea and Britain, by the law of interfusion we shall ripen presently into a cosmopolitan faith, with its Pantheon for all races.

XIX.

In vain this seeking cover for our private convictions under any cloak of profession. Temperament, inborn tendencies, predispositions, determine our cast of thinking or no-thinking, and go far to shape our religious opinions. Our instincts, faithfully drawn out and cherished by purity of life, lead to Theism as their flower and fruit. If swayed by the senses, we are natural Pantheists, at least idolaters of some sort, and unbelievers in the Unseen Mind. The passions prevailing, incline us to Atheism, or some superstition, ending in scepticism, or indifference to all religious considerations.

"Some whom we call virtuous, are not so
In their whole substance, but their virtues grow
But in their humors, and at seasons show.

For when through tasteless, flat humility,
In dough-baked men some harmlessness we see,
'T is but his phlegm that 's virtuous and not he.

So is the blood sometimes: whoever ran
To danger unimportuned, he was then
No better than a sanguine, virtuous man.

So cloistered men, who, on pretense of fear
All contributions to this world forbear,
Have virtue in melancholy, and only there.

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Spiritual, choleric critics, who in all
Religions find fault, and forgive no fall,
Have through their zeal virtue but in their gall.

We 're thus but parcel-guilt, to gold we 're grown
When virtue is our soul's complexion —
Who knows his virtue's name or place has none."

XX.

If one's life is not worshipful, no one cares for his professions. Piety is a sentiment: the more natural it is, the wholesomer. Nor is there piety where kindness is wanting. "If one love not his brother whom he hath seen, how can he love God whom he hath not seen." None are deceived as to the spirit of their acquaintances: the instinct of every village, every home, intimates their true character. We recognize goodness wherever we find it. 'T is the same helpful influence, beautifying the meanest as the greatest service, by its manners, doing most when least conscious, as if it did it not.

"A man's best things are nearest him,
Lie at his feet.
It is the distant and the dim
That we are sick to greet."

XXI.

ONE does not like to disturb the faith of his neighbors, yet cannot speak truly on religious themes without touching the sensibilities of the weak, and sometimes wounding where he sought sympathy and support. It takes a good man to speak tenderly of matters of faith and practice in which good people have been bred, and to which they have given little thought; their hearts being quick and prompt to feel and act without questioning the head. Precious souls, if not otherwise, or strong for reform. And if fewer the world would speed faster forwards in its affairs — the weak saints being as formidable impediments as the strong sinners, both blocking the ways to amendment.

A. BRONSON ALCOTT.

WILLIAM BLAKE.

"I give you the end of a golden string;
Only wind it into a ball,
It will lead you in at heaven's gate,
Built in Jerusalem wall."

THIS is the message to the world of a man who lived and died poor, in material goods, but he says of himself, immeasurably rich in imperishable treasures. An insane man, a fool, a lopsided human soul, this was the popular judgment of him. Out from his physical poverty, despite sneers and curses, he cries this strange message above quoted, as he gives to the world his word, and picture-gospel of the true life.

Is this the true pride, the spiritual arrogance of the real prophet of God, or is it the false of the charlatan and juggler?

No man can be a complete seer or prophet, a harmonious revealer. It seems that Nature in granting rich thoughts and rare visions in one direction, for compensation, dwarfs, keeps blind in others. So the prophet may not be, is not often, a great man as a whole, but only in certain directions. He may have one long spiritual arm to reach after God, the other palsied; one eye intensely keen in one direction, blind to other. The result is, the average man, as a whole, may be the greater. The man Blake, strange, erratic, insane in the eyes of his contemporaries, is more and more appearing a wonderful revealer. What was once counted insanity, is dimly seen by some to be a higher sanity. This appears to be the history of nature's unfolding. The destroying chaos of the past, proves to be the progenitor of the harmony of the present. So the abnormal vision of the insane seer sometimes becomes the normal sight of the multitude. The great error of the past appears to have been, that the ignorant multitude once discerning the one-sided, the one-organed greatness of a man, have blindly fallen down and worshipped him as a complete balanced soul: shutting their eyes to his littleness, his many dwarfed spiritual organs, succeeding generations, credulously accepting their father's idol, sink more and more into the superstition and bigotry of mythical man-worship. This is the tendency of religion discarding science as its foundation or foothold. Though this Blake was but a dwarf in many points, yet there are some facts, some words of his life that startle us into new thinking.

Blake was born amid the fog and darkness of a London November,

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1757. Posterity has not yet seen fit to attribute anything miraculous to the circumstances of his birth, probably never will, even though he come to be recognized as no mean prophet. For men are learning to naturalize God's revelators, and revelations of all degrees, and kinds.

No doubt Blake lived the boy's life, having the usual quota of pains and pleasures attendant upon a poor boy's life. May be something more than most of us, he had. For he relates that when a boy, sauntering along in the fields outside the city, looking up into a tree, he sees it full of angels, their bright wings glittering among the leaves. Another time, among a lot of hay-makers he saw many beautiful angels passing around. This must have been a rare joy to him, denied to most of us, yet there is a good deal of the ludicrous in his visions. He says, the first time he saw God, was one day when he was four years old, when God came and looked into the window, and set him screaming. This is hardly equaled by some of the Old Testament appearances of God, of about equal authority and value.

His education in the popular sense was very limited. Hence comes his idea of education, no doubt. He says: "There is no use in education, I hold it wrong. It is the great sin. It is the eating of the tree of knowledge of good and evil. That was the fault of Plato. He knew of nothing but the virtues and vices. There is nothing in all that. Everything is good in God's eyes." On being asked whether there is nothing evil in what man does, he answered, "I am no judge of that, perhaps not in the eyes of God." Had his mind been trained in the popular systematic course, he no doubt would have been an average man, all unknown. Lacking this his mental food, mainly tended to nourish in one direction, so he startles men with his greatness in this direction. He claims to have been guided by angels, a common claim of the world's prophets. It may be that they shoot out, or upward, some one organ, an eye, or ear, so far that it enters the domain of the spiritual world, becomes susceptible to impressions from unseen beings. If this is true, then it is prophetic of the time when men by a natural normal growth shall attain like powers not only in that one direction, but in all.

His life was that of the unrecognized genius, riches within, poverty without. "Some prosperous artists pity me," said he, "but they are the just objects of pity, I possess my visions in peace. They have bartered their birth-right for a mess of pottage." Here is the heroism of the stoic with the faith of the Christian. "They have pottage without, I, visions within; they are the poor, not I." There was a great sunshine in his life, coming from within. A lady tells a beautiful story of her first interview with him. When she was a girl, rich, pretty, full

of childish hope, she attended an evening party, was there presented to Blake, then an old man. He looked at her with his tender, rich smile a long time, then said, stroking her ringlets, "May God make this world to you my child as beautiful as it has been to me." How strange, she thought. What could there be beautiful in the life of a poor old man. She saw not that his life touched down upon the eternal foundation, reached up to those spiritual realities that few know of.

A good deal of his life seems madness; call it madness that possessed him in some of his acts. To him, no doubt, it was a higher sanity. His wife was his unfaltering disciple. Whither he went she gladly followed. His word her gospel. The truth he saw, he fain would embody in life. Himself innocent, why should n't he? Sometimes he forgot the world, then he went maddest,—lived most healthily according to his gospel of life. Out of the unhealthy life of fashionable, barbarous moralities and customs, he would jump once in a while, even though he jumped into chaos. The prim superficial garb of chastity which was so often the mere whitewash of awful sepulchres of lust, and uncleanness, fretted him. He scorned society, fussing over the show of purity of men and women, and would sometimes fling off all sham, even though running the risk of imprisonment for insanity.

One time he lived in the country and had the use of a little garden and summer-house. A Mr. Butts, a particular friend of Blake's, called one day in the summer to see him. Blake and his wife were in the garden. He knocked at the garden gate, Blake bid him 'come in.' Entering, he found the two innocently clad as Adam and Eve, reciting 'Paradise Lost.' Was this a freak of madness?

To those who cannot conceive of a purity and innocence in which it would be grandly, sweetly sane, it would be altogether insanity. Swedenborg says, in the higher life of angels, they are as Adam and Eve before the fall, so pure and holy there is no shame. Shameless not in ignorance but from the higher wisdom and love. Blake would make his ideal actual. The modesty of ignorance and impurity is shocked. But the soul that has caught a glimpse of angelic wisdom and love says, "a child's first reachings after the higher manhood and womanhood of the soul, it may result in a stumble or fall at first, nevertheless, it is a heroic upreaching. It is one of nature's startling hints * to man obtuse in lust and venerly."

His words were wild, sometimes hard to follow, to conventional minds they often seemed a compound of divinity and blasphemy. His

* Of a higher life.

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poems are claimed to be gnostic, having an esoteric meaning, revealed only to the faithful.

We give one of his poems, "The Keys of the Gates." Who will interpret its hidden meaning? If these are the keys of the gates, we despair of the domain beyond. In reading, here and there, we feel we have caught a glimpse, but it immediately grows shadowy and is lost.

"THE KEYS OF THE GATES."

THE caterpillar on the leaf,
Reminds thee of thy mother's grief.
My eternal mam set in repose,
The female from his darkness rose;
And she found me beneath a tree,
A Mandrake, and in her veil hid me;
Serpent reasonings us entice
Of Good, and Evil, Virtue, Vice,
Doubt, Self-jealous, Wat'ry folly
Struggling through earth's melancholy,
Naked in sin, in shame and fear,
Blind in fire, with shield and spear;
Two horrid reasoning cloven fictions,
In Doubt, which is self-contradiction;
A dark Hermaphrodite I stood,
Rational Truth root of Evil and of Good,
Round me flew the flaming sword,
Round her snowy whirlwinds roar'd
Freezing her veil the mundane shell;
I rent the veil where the Dead dwell.
When weary man entices his Eve
He meets his Saviour in the Grave.
Some find a Female Garment there,
And some, a Male woven with care.
Lest the sexual Garments sweet,
Should grow a devouring winding sheet
One dies. Alas! the living and dead
One is slain: and one is fled.
In vain glory hatched and nurst
By double sceptres self-accurst;
My son, my son, thou treatest me
But as I have instructed thee:
On the shadows of the Moon,
Climbing through night's highest noon
In time's Ocean falling drown'd,
In aged Ignorance profound.

Holy and cold, I clipt the wings,
 Of all sublunary Things,
 And in depths of icy Dungeons
 Closed the Father and the Sons :
 But when once I did descry
 The Immortal Man that cannot die,
 Through evening shades I haste away
 To close the labors of my day,
 The door of Death I open found,
 And the worm weaving in the ground.
 Thou'rt my mother from the Womb,
 Wife, Sister, Daughter, to the Tomb,
 Weaving to Dreams the sexual strife,
 And weeping over the Web of Life.

To-day Blake's poems are the mystic gospel of a higher life to a few, his pictures, the precious visions of a seer the world has not yet known. If there is the truth of a higher existence buried in his strange life and works, who will unfold it? May be ten centuries hence he may be exhumed as a spiritual fossil, and, men will wonder, turning him over, saying even here, ten centuries ago we see nature through this man prophetic of our day.

W. A. CRAM.

WOMAN AS A MENDICANT.

IN the present New York State Constitutional Convention, an effort was made to secure to woman the right of franchise. The committee on suffrage, Horace Greeley chairman, reported adversely. A leading, if not *the* leading reason given for such report was, women did not want suffrage, did not ask it. The fact alleged is undeniable. But its validity as a reason is questionable. To our mind, it were wiser for the committee and the convention to aim to develop a sense of responsibility, a seeking for it by imposing it. But the world is not up to that. Constitutional Conventions do not regard it as their function to educate public sentiment, but rather, to gratify it. The fact of woman's unconcern had its weight with the committee and the convention, as it has its weight with the world. The indifference of the great mass outweighed the interest of a few. The pitiful fraction of petitioners commanded no influential respect. This is natural. Men are still influenced more by concrete facts than

by ideal theories ; more by action than by apathy. Figures are forces ever in reforms.

However, we have to do here with the radical import and not with the validity or invalidity of the above reason. The case before the convention is an exact type of the case before the country and the world. A wide-spread and culpable apathy infects woman. She is insensible to her own condition. She does not want suffrage, and does not want it because not aware of her want. This is the most grievous fact of all. She is but feebly interested in her own case. A half dozen champions are fighting her battles for her, and fighting them bravely, let us admit. Her army is all generals. Evidently she has more sympathizers and supporters in the opposite, than in her own sex. She tightly clasps the wrongs of which she complains. Her protest is thus far futile, because feeble. The old traditionary rule continues in force in default of her appearance in the court of appeal.

The popular idea of man's responsibility for woman's situation, contains only a partial truth. There are two parties to the guilt. Man is one, *woman is the other*. Nay, the latter is the greater. For, what extenuation exists for her criminal inaction, which, more than any other circumstance, perpetuates her bonds? Is it that it is not for her to claim her rights, as man originally usurped them, and should now make voluntary restitutions? * This view involves a false conception of historic facts. But if it were true, it is still, as a reason, palpably weak and inadequate. It simply counsels in definite submission to injustices which courageous action might very speedily remove. It counsels an unmasterly inactivity. Is it that she is rendered helpless by enforced slavery? No, let her cease fondly comparing herself with the negro. The latter is not honored by the comparison. The cases have few points of analogy. He was helpless, not for the chains that bound his limbs, but for those which fettered his intellect, for the prison which walled in his soul. Given freedom to the latter, the former had long since been broken and flung to the winds. Woman has the supreme condition of freedom and justice. That condition is moral and intellectual liberty. Let her use this. Let her act! Let her act! But she does not act; she complains. She does not work; she begs. She does not demand; she supplicates. All this, while her own powerful self-resources lie undeveloped. She appears on the steps of the world as a mendicant, complaining of man's injustice and woman's wrong; man's tyranny and woman's servitude; man's usurpation and woman's helplessness, and begging, piteously begging, her rights!

* Theodore Tilton, in Music Hall lecture on Woman Suffrage.

We repeat it respectfully and deliberately, there is one great beggar in the world. It is woman as she is represented by the conduct of the pending issue. Dear as her cause is to us, we cannot close our eyes to her great complicity in the crime of her own personal, social, and political degradation. The radical difficulty of her case lies deeper than statute law, than conservatism, than physical weakness, than sex. It lies simply *in herself*. She invites and perpetuates all that she suffers. She does this by her weakness of character, her feebleness of intellect, her levity of soul, and, as the result of all, by her fatal inaction. Doubtless her composition is the partial product of our institutions. So is that of unjust man, as for that matter. Yet, if there be such a thing as freedom of will, she cannot be wholly despoiled of it. In the active exercise of that freedom, lies her salvation. Not another's, but her own volition is the vital need. The help she wants is self-help.

"They who would be free,
Themselves must strike the blow."

This is the divine condition of whatever enfranchisement is worth anything. When it comes to that, woman will find the world ready to fly to arms in her defence. When she is just to woman, man will be just to her. When she is truly respectable, she will be respected.

The fatal obstacle to woman's amelioration is her want of self-respect. Indeed, it is hard to resist the conclusion that this is, in the ultimate analysis, the Pandora's box of her wrongs. She respects everything save herself; yes, respects herself as a personal, social, conventional creature, but not as *woman*. This devitalizes her, leaves her weak and impotent, kind, loving, humane if you will, but yet weak and impotent, a prey to circumstances that knead her like a thing of dough, a prey to accidents which destroy her individuality. In either sex, self-respect is the condition of force and elevation of character. It is emphatically so in woman. In any, it is the surest means to the suffrage and honor of the world; it is supremely so in woman. She lacks it and lacks all. She commands the praise, flattery, admiration, love, and chivalry of men, but not their respect. She commands man, but not his manhood.

Various practical forms illustrate the evil of which we complain. It is beheld in the sentimentalism which is the characteristic and bane of female society; in the mean and abject servility to the caprices of fashion; in her running to dress like an uncultivated garden-plot to weeds; in her absorption in gallantry; in her devotion to heartless

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artificial conventions ; in her absence of high intellectual tastes and ambitions ; in her want of self-mastery, — in a word, in her appalling and disastrous disproportion of feeling to thought, of imagination to judgment. Not wholly without reason is her name a synonym for frailty, fickleness and superficiality. Not without reason is she still classed with children, negroes, idiots, and indians. Like these, she is the subject of the sensational. Like these, she has literally a savage passion for baubles and colors, tinselly and tawdry ear-rings and finger-rings. With them, her vocabulary is prolific in interjections and exclamations. She is with them a creature of imitation. Her basis of respect is external and not internal, is sense, and not self.

There must be some serious defect in our domestic and educational institutions that furnish such an inferior article of woman. They give us beings with all surface accomplishments, but beings destitute of mental strength, thoughtful earnestness, dignified characters. Our female seminaries are notoriously hot-beds of female sentimentalism. Our misses' and ladies' schools give us too many "misses" and "ladies," too few *women*. The female product of our present educational methods strikingly illustrate the theory of Prof. Baine's recent article in an English periodical, on the correlation of the mental powers. In the prevailing stamp of female mind, the will and intellect are utterly swamped and hurried away in a Niagara tide of feeling over into that awful gulf — her heart. There must be, we say, some grave defect in the instruments employed, that society fails to get more of a higher type of woman. But wherever the difficulty lies, whether in curriculum or system, the great vital necessity still stands. The characterless condition of female characters must be removed, before any true and permanent amelioration is possible. Until that time, woman cannot be just to herself. Until then, society will not be just to her. In the nature of things, weakness commands love and pity, not respect and power.

Woman's way to empire is through her will. The world bears her no malice prepense. Her sex is no misfortune, despite the drivelling of those who would bring it into disrepute, or make it an excuse for her vegetative conditions. When she is serious, every department of effort flings wide its doors to her. Mrs. Somerville's sex stands not in the way of generous recognition and honor. Physical weakness proved no obstacle to Madam Pfeiffer's extensive travels afoot. One embodiment of self-respect like Margaret Fuller is a perpetual burning reproach to the universal effeminacy of her sex. Anna Dickinson's presence and personality on the Platform, are infinitely more powerful for her cause than her arguments. The latter are her propo-

sitions, the former, her demonstrations. She was shot at once on a political platform. Had she screamed and fainted according to the fashion, the index-finger on woman's dial-plate would have gone back some years. But she did not do either. Her woman's strength was superior to her sex's weakness. As if in contempt of her sex, a very modest lady acquaintance of ours can bake bread, shoot a gun, ride a horse, play the piano, solve problems in calculus, read Demosthenes in the original, write an essay and deliver it with force. Yet she is not an exception to the radical capacity of her gender, but only a departure from their ruling conduct. So it is. Aspiration and ambition know no sex. When woman simply does what she claims she can do, or ought to do, all the gods are at her service. Despite man's usurpation, injustice, and tyranny, when did ever a *woman* appear whom society did not honor? Learning, talent, genius, character, there in woman, as in man, when did they ever fail to command the respect and homage of the world? The law of moral and intellectual strength prevails. Let woman prove herself strong, all gifts, rights, and immunities, will speedily gravitate to her.

The agitators of female-suffrage movement are laboring under a peculiar difficulty. They are trying to lift a dead weight with a minimum of power. They are endeavoring to elevate woman against her own volition. It is not so sure that political suffrage will prove a speedy remedy for all her ills; that, the ballot secured, the now lifeless and inert mass will rouse and tend irresistibly to higher conditions. But granting this, how long must the possessor of this instrument be delayed by the passiveness of woman herself? how long deferred by the reproachful conduct of woman as a mendicant? In the pending battle, the strategy of the field commanders is just here open to criticism. Eagerly intent upon the objective point, they overlook the discipline of their own forces. The real enemy is in their midst. "Not so," says a friend with whom we remonstrated for joining in the clamorous cry of her sex. "Suppose all the woman in the United States should demand the right of suffrage, could have cast a single vote until man should be pleased to let them?" "Reasoned like a woman," one is tempted to say. It is only the old fatal assumption over again, the assumption of sex prejudice. Such reasoning is sophistical and far from broad. Man controls the ballot, but not the conditions of its possession. His pleasure in the matter is at her earnest bidding. Let her make a general organized demand for the right, and enforce the requisition not alone by numerical, but by proper moral demonstrations. Granted even that he ought to give the ballot without effort or interest on her part. Yet if he will not, and the conditional effort

is withheld, where does the fault lie? Our friend further insists, with her sex, that man is responsible in this matter, because "it is men's opinions which govern women, more than women's which govern men." Very true, this goes near the heart of the issue. It is woman's degradation and shame that she has no opinions of her own. There is, in the present constitution of society, unjust as it is, no natural or inseparable artificial reason for her intellectual helplessness and dependency. The taunt of the organic inferiority of the female brain takes its rise in her self-faithlessness. How long will she be the pantomime of men no better than herself? Dr. Windship, when helplessly imposed upon by a fellow student physically stronger than he, obtained justice by quietly developing his own strength, and then giving his enemy the alternative of apology or chastisement. Is woman intellectually weak, unable to cope with unjust man? Then let her get strength, develop it, work for it, aye, dig for it, and no longer be the inferior and dependent she confesses herself. Let her cultivate intellectual courage and independence. The world is hers. Books and brain and will are hers. A celebrated female writer says of herself, that she took revenge on Fortune by deserving the favor which Fortune did not bestow. Let the woman of to-day take signal revenge on man by at least deserving the privilege he does not give. To this end, let the leaders of the woman movement change their war cry, from the platitudinal phrase of "man's injustice" to the more needed and truthful alarm of "Woman's Apathy!" Let them sweep her sex with a storm of the red hot shell of argumentative indignation and appeal. The fulcrum of reform is the consciousness of its necessity. Let this consciousness be roused in woman as well as in man. The line of historical movement lies through woman's suffrage. But will she accept it as alms or achievement? Shall it be a concession to her weakness, or a victory of her strength; a propitiation to her affection or a conquest of her character; a deed of chivalry or of extorted respect and justice? These are not unimportant questions to womanly pride. Let her reflect upon them. The ballot is a moral educator even to whom it comes unsought. But its beneficence is increased ten fold to those to whom it comes in answer to their own extraordinary seeking.

The reader will not mistake us. The original claim is granted, is advocated. The unequal applications of law and custom are unjust. The vice of society here is that it is striving to confine great natural forces to unnatural channels. We sin against individual freedom by putting purely personal tastes, proprieties and conventions into organic and arbitrary forms, into social, civil and political institutions.

Society's *should not* is very well. Society's *shall not* is all wrong. Woman's education, politics and profession are not the legitimate objects of written statutes. "Woman's destiny?" What petty business! "Let every man go to heaven in his own way," said Frederic the Great. Let every woman go to her "destiny," in her own way. There is no royal road thither, college charters and Pauline theology notwithstanding. Let the laws of human nature have generous scope. The forebodings of woman's degeneracy are puerile and irrelevant to the previous question. Has she a right to personal freedom? If so, let her have it and let God take care of his own as He surely will. Let her become what time, thought, and wise discussion, in a word, what the inevitable law of human development may make her, whether that be politician or parlor-tician, kitchen domestic or railroad engineer, weakling or woman. The all-vital thing is an open field and fair play. Nature knows no Salic law; Society must know none. It is as plain as plain can be that it is woman's right and duty to do

*"Whatever perfect thing she can,
In life, in art, in science."*

But while allowing all this, we must, to the charge of man's responsibility, return the counter-charge of woman's responsibility. The greatest obstacle to her enfranchisement, personal or political, is herself. No artificial barrier opposes her which she may not beat down, if she will and when she will. No opinion of man's can stand before her womanly determination and achievement. Let her know her capacity and vindicate it. Let her know her rights and maintain them. We look with bitter pain upon her passive sufferance of social shams and conventions, which disrobe her of her dignity, strike out her individuality, and consign her to moral and intellectual impotence. She is the one all-powerful reserved force of humanity. The time is ripe for the play of that force. That it is yet comparatively inactive lies somewhat in man's injustice, but more, far more, in woman's apathy. Let her act! Let her act!

DAVID CRONYN.

CITIZENSHIP AND SUFFRAGE.

THE POWER AND DUTY OF CONGRESS TO ENFRANCHISE THE NATION.

I. WHAT IS CITIZENSHIP IN A REPUBLIC?

Rome had her Citizens, her Plebians, and her Slaves. Not all, even of her more elevated classes, were citizens. Some held citizenship by birthright, some by heroic or beneficent deeds done in the public service, and some by purchase. Said the Roman Captain to Paul, "Art thou a Roman? He said yea. And the Chief Captain answered; with a great sum obtained I this freedom. And Paul said; But I was freeborn."

All the ancient and modern Governments of Europe had their privileged classes and their unprivileged: men who were citizens and others who were merely subjects; the one class exercising more or less control in governmental affairs, the other bearing only the burdens of the State without any voice in the creation or administration of its laws. But when our Fathers established the Government of the United States, they not only did not copy those European models, but utterly rejected them as radically false and unjust, and asserted in their Declaration of Rights, which they laid at the foundation of the Superstructure, the directly opposite doctrine, that "Governments derive their just powers from the *consent* of the governed." This statement is not absolutely true, since a Government of just laws and righteous administration would be valid and authoritative even if the governed should not consent to it, as we know the lovers of *injustice* would not, provided their formal consent was their admitted privilege and right; and without this it would not be a righteous Government, indeed, philosophically considered, would be no Government at all; and an unjust Government would be without valid authority though ever so many consented to it. But the statement is true in the sense that the constitution, laws and administration of government, in which public justice is to be embodied and through which it is to be dispensed, are rightfully the creation of the whole people whose obedience is challenged, and who are summoned to their support, and, as we have said, could have no rightful existence were the governed denied a voice in their framing and execution; for this very denial would constitute such an injustice and oppression as to invalidate the organization so created and constitute it an usurpation, to which the people would not be bound to render allegiance, but, on the contrary, to overthrow. And

this right of the people to establish and administer government, the Fathers, as we have seen, fully recognized, and, in doing so, based it where they only could base it — *in the common nature and constitution of all mankind*. They said ; “ We hold these truths to be self-evident, that all men are created equal ; that they are endowed by their Creator with certain inalienable rights ; that among these are life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness.” It was only by going to this foundation, and by asserting for “ *all men* ” what they claimed for *themselves*, that they could justify their own act of throwing off the authority of the Mother Country and the setting up a Government of their own.

How then, and by what right did they, or any of them, become citizens of the Government they established? Not by Colonial Charters ; for the limited political rights they conferred, were held by the will of the king, and these he abrogated when he pronounced the colonists rebels for the revolution they created, and by which they forfeited their lives, and how much more their franchises. Not by hereditary right ; for, even if such a right could exist, the political privileges of their ancestors were held by the prerogative of the king, and his will had intervened to break the chain of political succession, so that the Fathers were without predecessors, in a political sense, but were themselves the creators of the State and under the necessity of finding a new foundation for their right of government. Not by successful fighting ; except as a means to an end, for their right of self-government would have been none the less complete, in itself, had they been unsuccessful, and the power that would have crushed them none the less despotic and unwarrantable. There was, then, but one remaining source from which their right could spring : — they derived their citizenship from that primal source of authority to which they had appealed, in justification of the Rebellion, before the fight began — the “ *inalienable rights of life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness* ” as equally belonging — to use their own words — to “ *all men* ; ” “ to secure which,” as they declared, “ governments are instituted among men, *deriving their just powers from the consent of the governed*.”

Now, what was the right of one man on such a basis, was, by the most adamant logic, the right of every other man — the right of all. And, victory once obtained, and the people set free to inaugurate their own Civil and Political Institutions, the power to do so was *equal and universal*, or there was no such right existing with any. A part had no right to make the Government for the others. Such an act would have been a clear usurpation of power. All being citizens by virtue of their manhood alone, and as their right of self-government sprung from the same source and was involved in their

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citizenship, in moving towards the business of government, all moved, in the logic of the case, together. They stood in exactly the same relations to each other and to the matter of government, as if they had been in a state of nature. This principle was too plain to the Fathers to be denied in theory, and a sense of consistency forced its recognition and caused it to be written on the very Portal that conducts us into the Superstructure of the Government. It was not only announced in the "Declaration of Independence," but the Constitution, itself, opens with it and flashes its light directly into our face as we approach, in these words: "*We the people* of the United States, in order to form a more perfect Union, establish justice, etc., and secure the blessings of liberty to ourselves and our posterity, do ordain and establish this Constitution for the United States of America." And nowhere in the body of the Organic Law are there any limitary clauses to this right of "The People" to create and administer government for themselves, so clearly recognized in its Preamble.

There has been some quibbling as to the scope of the phrase, "the people." But the term is clearly comprehensive and general by all the laws of language. Having no qualifying words it must so stand and so be taken. It admits of neither a "White man's government," nor a merely *male* government. It allows only a government of the *whole people*; and, as a historical fact, the doctrine was practically recognized in the early days of the Republic by both Colored men and White women being admitted to the polls on precisely the same conditions as were White male citizens. That their number was few does not affect the position so far as the principle involved is concerned; for if but one of each class was admitted, it was a full concession that there was no natural or legal bar to the admission of all, but on the contrary, was a confession that the exclusion of any was a violation of their right and an act of usurpation.

Citizenship, then, is a birthright, and in a Republic, carries with it Suffrage. The Vote is not a *privilege* to be *conferred*, but a *right* to be *admitted*. It is not a franchise of the *few* or a *part*, but the *sovereign prerogative of ALL*. Where then did any portion of the people of any State, however large a majority it may have been, obtain the right to monopolize the elective franchise and exclude from its exercise any other portion, Black or White, or however small the number of its constituents may have been? Even if the Constitution had conferred on the several States the right absolutely and exclusively to determine the qualifications of voters and to regulate the details of elections — as we shall show it did not — this would not have empowered them to disfranchise any of the people, — who were equal citizens, of equal

rights and powers — but they still would have been bound to conform the conditions and regulations to the law of Natural Right and the Constitution, neither of which, in this matter, recognizes parts and classes, but knows only the *whole People*.

But it is said that, in proving the citizenship of all, and the right of the vote as the natural right of the whole people, we prove too much, for then women and children also have the right of the ballot, for they, too, are a part of "the people." The conclusion, as to their right, is accepted, but it, by no means, proves too much. It proves what God designed; what all enlightened good men rejoice in, and what none but the ignorant, the prejudiced and the selfish despise and reject. To such it is a disagreeable conclusion, but to "this complexion must it come at last." Gravitation keeps the orbs in harmonious motion, secures the solidarity of the globe, and holds the oceans in their basins, but he who falls from the precipice, though disagreeable to his feelings, it shatters to pieces. But the law in the other case, — just as certain as gravitation, — though it shivers the prejudice and selfishness of the wicked, operates beneficently to the end. The philosopher goes straight to his conclusions, and all the more joyfully when he knows his pathway leads to the Temple of Justice wherein are enthroned Stability, Order and Peace.

The honest inquirer will not deny a principle through fear of the logical conclusions to which he sees it inevitably tends. But here there is nothing to fear, and no contradiction. As women possess that common human nature from which spring all our inalienable rights, and as the right of self-government, involving the right of the vote, is one of those rights, it belongs to them equally as to the men; and as certainly and equally to the children as to either. If it is not the right of the child it is not the right of any as an endowment of human nature; nor, indeed, a *right* on any ground if that fail, but government becomes the prize for which factions contend, and the tool of the stronger despotism which wields it for the hour. A right inherent in the nature of man, as we have shown this right of self-government to be, must spring into being *with* that nature, and the two *co-exist*. Hence the *right* of the Vote is *born with the child*. How can just government *begin* except here and thus, since the right of its creation is not a thing to be *acquired*, but exists of natural right. Unless here and so, such government is impossible among men. This foundation excluded, the thing misnamed government that would then ensue, we repeat, could only come into being by a part, through cunning or superior force, or by both, seizing the control and dominating over the rest. But such control could stand in no *right*, but the ex-

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cluded party would be equally justified in seizing and monopolizing the prize whenever they could effect, by violence or otherwise, a lodgment in the seats of power ; which would be but the conflict of Factions, the mad antagonism of contending Ambitions and the domination of Tyranny, such as have cursed the world from the creation of man.

The right of the child, then, is clear, since in this, as in other senses, "the child is father of the man." But the *exercise* of the right is quite another thing. This is not *cœval* with the right, for it is barred by the *condition* of the same nature where the right inheres. The *use*, by the person himself, of not even every *natural* right, begins with the right itself ; but in some things the *exercise* must wait for the unfolding of the necessary *conditions* and *possibilities*. All persons are born with the right of marriage and possession ; but they may not marry till they are qualified for the state of matrimony, nor hold and use property in their own power, till of a proper age ; nor then unless they have acquired it either by their own exertions or by inheritance. If, from his birth, the child is an heir to property, his parent or guardian holds it and uses it till the proper age arrives for his taking it into his own power, but the representative of the child holds and uses for *his* benefit whose it is *in right*, and not for his own ; and the right of ownership in the property is not a whit more perfect in the young man or young woman when either comes into the actual possession, than it was when he or she was an infant in its nurse's arms. In like manner the parent or guardian exercises the minor's vote for him ; but in this case, as in the other, the thing represented and used is the child's and not the representative's, who holds it only as a custodian for the benefit of the other till the time of majority arrive. But when that time transpires it is his right to enter at once into the full enjoyment of the inheritance made his by the Will of the Heavenly Father at the time of his birth ; and none of the family, holding an equal patrimony, but having a covetous eye, or adjudging their brother incompetent to manage his estate, may *contest* the Will or in any way deprive him of his birthright. To do so is moral robbery in the highest degree.

As matter of *right*, then, it is demonstrated that all are citizens of the Government under which they are born, by virtue of their birth and the nature with which they come into the world ; and on the same grounds, are equally vested with the right of creating and administering the laws, which they may do *en masse*, as in a pure Democracy, or by representatives, as in a Republic. Every Government that practically ignores or violates this ordainment of nature and of

God, by depriving any portion of its governed of their citizenship and its included vote, is in so far, if not altogether, an usurpation.

This doctrine carried into practice at the outset of our Government would have given us a Republic in fact as well as in name, in which every person would have been a Citizen and every Citizen a Sovereign. "Righteousness would have exalted the Nation," instead of its being cast down by injustice; "peace would have flowed like a river," instead of the flow of a river blood; and prosperity and wealth would have followed in the track of our industry, instead of millions on millions of debt in the track of our war. But in place of these blessings which the establishment of a just Government would have secured, the stronger and better favored portion of the people, belying their solemnly asserted principles, and disregarding the asseveration they made when they "appealed to the Supreme Judge of the world for the rectitude of their intentions," seized the prerogative of government in their own interests, plundered the Blacks, not only of their civil and political rights, but, with here and there an exception, of their manhood also, by dooming them to chattel slavery, and gave us, in consequence, ages of agony and strife, culminating in Rebellion and War.

But even this lesson, though it has revealed, has not removed the folly of the nation. It still refuses to go to the foundations and rebuild as it should have built at the first. It still leaves the manhood of the Black Man but half recognized, and the political rights of Womanhood it does recognize at all. Still four millions of the colored race are disfranchised, and the prospect of their obtaining justice, in this matter of suffrage, instead of growing brighter, seems to be hourly darkening, so far as any State action in their behalf is concerned. While but few of the States have moved in the matter at all, those that have done so have declared against their enfranchisement. Connecticut, not long since, — true to the ancient Negro-hating instincts, so furiously developed in the early days of the Anti-Slavery struggle when she mobbed a woman for teaching colored children and forbid such children from entering the borders of the State for the purpose of education — voted to continue the political disabilities of her Colored population. Ohio has more recently supplemented her ancient "Black Laws" by voting in the same way; which has made the enfranchisement of the Blacks, already doubtful, still more uncertain both in New York and other States where the question is to be put in issue. The treacherous and malicious policy of the President has hitherto obstructed the Congressional plan of Reconstruction in the South which put it in the power of the Blacks,

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by the aid of their white friends in that section, to have consummated their full emancipation with the supplementary achievement of suffrage, without which their chains remain but half severed and ready to be wholly riveted again. If this continued injustice of the Northern States and the floundering of Reconstruction in the South, shall result in moving Congress to take action on the subject by the passage of a Franchise Law for the whole country, thus assuming and putting into exercise the prerogative to do it which, by the principle of Nationality and the powers of the Constitution, properly and primarily resides in that Body, the delay and, thus far, the defeat of impartial suffrage will be matter of satisfaction rather than regret; for even though universal enfranchisement might come through the action of the States, it would involve such a recognition and strengthening of the old and mischievous doctrine of State Rights, and such an abandonment of that of Nationality, as to make it far better, in any case, that Congress should be the dispenser of this justice. We therefore proceed to demonstrate, as briefly as possible,

II. THE RIGHT AND DUTY OF THE GOVERNMENT TO ENFRANCHISE ITS OWN CITIZENS.

ALL the people are citizens, and all citizens have the right of the vote. This, we take it, has been demonstrated. Congress, as the Legislative Representative of the Government and the shield of the people's rights, is empowered by the principles of the Government and by the Constitution, and is summoned by its responsibilities to the people, to perfect the citizenship of all the inhabitants of the land, by securing to them, through a uniform Law of Enfranchisement, the right and the free exercise of the vote. Now let us look at the reasons that substantiate this proposition. Even if the Constitution conferred no such positive power upon the Congress — with nothing forbidding it — still the functions of the Chief Legislative Body, by the principle of Nationality alone, would comprehend the necessary power for the act, and impose upon it the duty of its performance. The first and chief, if not the only, responsibility of any Government, is to secure and protect the rights of the people. A Government that cannot or will not do this, has no essential element of Nationality, and sinks from the dignity of a Government to a mere *simulacrum* — a ghostly effigy of supreme authority. The Fathers declared it to be the right and duty of the Government to make sure the enfranchisement of the people, when they said the rights of "life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness," are "inalienable," and that "to secure these rights, govern-

ments are instituted among men." Neither of these rights is, or can be, secured by a Government without the power to declare and maintain the political status of its citizens — in fact, without such power, and that too in vigorous exercise, *subjects* it may have, but it has no *citizens*, nor can it rightfully command the allegiance of the people; for protection and allegiance are correlative, as in every case *right* must be clear on the *one side* before *duty* can exist on the *other*. If the Government of the United States ignore its right and duty to enfranchise the people, and leave to the separate States that function to exercise at their option, it is in the possible dilemma of falling to pieces, as a government of the people, for want of citizens and supporters, and of becoming a mere figure-head of a proud and impudent State Aristocracy. For if the States may determine who are citizens, and who may or may not vote, then a cunning, unscrupulous and ambitious Oligarchy of moneyed and landed proprietors, may monopolize the control of the States, and by disfranchising the great body of the people, seize the General Government itself as their own and convenient tool, or abolish it altogether and reestablish the old Confederation, or adopt any other system they may choose; thus reducing the absurd, dangerous, and anti-national doctrine of "State Rights" to its legitimate practical results, and so make actual, what we have shown to be true in *theory*, that a Government without the power to settle the political status of the people, is not only without Nationality, but is no Government at all, but simply an agent, a tool.

Yet grave Senators, and even Republican Senators, joining in with the Nullifiers of the South and the Copperheads of the North to swell the strength of the Democracy, have thought fit, even in this hour of the Nation's peril, to advocate and put forth in print this doctrine of political national ruin! Senator Trumbull's argument, some time since published in *The Advance*, takes this track and rushes on towards the GULF! Will his party take passage on the same train, and drive on with their leader into the Abyss?

Now let us turn to the Constitution itself, with which the Senator pretends to deal. Here we shall find that the organic law positively confers on Congress the power for which we contend, and *authoritatively commands that Body to put it in exercise*. Art. IV. Sec. 4, says, "The United States shall guarantee to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government." A Republican Government is a Government of the people, — the whole people. So the Fathers understood and meant it, and so they made, in theory, the Government they set up. This is clear from their declaration that "Governments derive their just powers from the *consent* of the *governed*," and from the

form of words they used in the Preamble of the Constitution — “*We, the people of the United States.*” They were too good logicians and had too much regard for consistency to affirm any different *theory*, whatever we may say of their *practice*. They did not stultify themselves with a *verbal lie*, “to be seen and read of all men” to their shame and disgrace.

That “the people” means the people in *totality*, both the laws of language and the antecedent and contemporaneous history of the case clearly demonstrate. The laws of language need no elucidation. To say “the people” means a *part* of the people is disgracefully absurd. But the facts of history confirm the comprehensive sense. All the thirteen Colonies under the Confederation, except South Carolina, recognized the Black man’s right of suffrage as well as the White’s. None of them, with the one exception, made any constitutional provisions excluding men from the vote on account of color; and, as a matter of practice, many colored men voted at that time. And in the Congress of the Confederation when South Carolina attempted to introduce the word “white” into the fourth Article of Confederation, so that it should read, “The free *white* inhabitants of each of these States,” it was repudiated, South Carolina and Georgia, only, voting for it. And when South Carolina made a second attempt to introduce it into another clause of the same Article, it was rejected by the same vote. When, therefore, the people came together, by their representatives, to frame the Constitution of the United States, they came with these views with respect to the right of suffrage and the scope of the meaning of the phrase, “We, the people,” and thus fixed its definition beyond dispute as including both White and Colored people alike. This is more fully confirmed, if that were possible or necessary, by the fact that the Constitution nowhere qualifies the rights of the people by the word *white* or that of *color*, nor anywhere stains itself with these — in any such connection — odious words. Neither did any of the early acts of Congress, in determining the question of suffrage for the Territories, limit the franchise by color. This is a more modern invention.

But the Fathers distinctly defined a Republican Government to be a Government of the *whole people*. Mr. Madison says, “In a Democracy the *people* meet and exercise the Government in person; in a Republic *they* assemble and administer it by their Representatives.” Again, he says, “It is *essential* to a Republican Government that it be derived from the great body of the people.” By the “great body of the people,” in the latter quotation, he must mean the same as “the people,” in the former. But the only difference he makes between a

Democracy and a Republic, is, that in the former, the people act in person, in the latter, by representatives. If, then, this is the only difference, and "people" in a Democracy means *all* the people, which none will deny, then "the people" in a Republic must also mean *all* the people. Again, Mr. Madison says, "The right of suffrage is certainly one of the fundamental articles of Republican Government, and *ought not to be left to be regulated by the (State) Legislature.*" A gradual abridgment of this right has been the mode in which aristocracies have been built up on the ruins of popular forms." Mr. Mason still more explicitly says, "The true idea, in his opinion, is that *every man* having evidence of attachment to, and permanent common interest with the society, *ought to share in all its rights and privileges.*" These statements were drawn out in the debates in the Constitutional Convention, when this matter was under discussion.

In the face of this cumulative proof of the right of all to the vote, Mr. Trumbull, in the article before referred to, says, "A Republican Government does not depend upon the number of the people who participate in the primary election of Representatives," and attempts to prove that it is not inconsistent in a Republic to deprive Colored citizens of the vote, by referring to the example of the States. He might as well attempt to prove national repudiation consistent and right, by citing the example of *Mississippi*. Such an argument would command the plaudits of the Repudiationists, who are sadly in need of an overwhelming demonstration of the right and expediency of their doctrine, which the Senator's statement, if true, would supply. But if one State repudiating is not enough to make the cases parallel, suppose that most of the States had at some time been guilty of the infamous act, would that make it consistent with the principle of *honesty*? But if it is not inconsistent to deprive *Colored* Citizens of their vote, then it would not be to deprive *White* Citizens of theirs; for we have proved that the Whites and Blacks, as to their rights under the Government, stand upon exactly the same basis; and if *all* the Colored Citizens may be excluded from the suffrage, then *all* the Whites may be excluded, and so the Government be reduced to a nonentity; or if all but *one* should be excluded — which is among the possibilities if the other is not — then we should have "swung round the circle" of Government mutations, and reached the old starting point of the government of the Autocrat.

If, then, a Republican Government is one existing by "the consent of the governed," that is, by the consent of *all the people*; and if their consent means government created and administered by their votes — and there is no other way in a Republic, at least, by which their con-

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sent can be ascertained or even exist, since submission is not consent — then, as the Constitution declares, that the United States *shall* guaranty to every State in this Union a Republican form of Government ; it is the right of Congress, as the Legislative Branch of the Government — and, in that capacity and for the purpose of legislation, the Government itself — to enfranchise all the people of the country who are of the proper age, and not excluded by mental *imbecility* or *moral* disqualifications — which are the only grounds of exclusion — without regard to race, condition, sex, or color. But it is not only the *right* of Congress to do this, but it is bound by the Constitution to *do* it. The words are, “*shall guaranty.*” It has no option ; the duty is *imperative*.

We come now to those parts of the Constitution that bear specifically and in terms upon this question. Art. I. Sec. 2, reads, “The House of Representatives shall be composed of members chosen every second year by the people of the several States, and the electors in each State shall have the qualifications requisite for electors of the most numerous branch of the State Legislature.”

This section has been relied on, and is still held as the guaranty of the so claimed State right of regulating suffrage to the exclusion of the General Government. But the clause, so far from conferring this right upon the State, does not state *where* the power resides ; it simply affirms that the qualifications necessary to elect State Representatives, shall be the standard for determining the qualifications of electors of Representatives to Congress. But the next clause, but one, of the same article, determines, in explicit terms, where the supreme control of the question of Franchise reposes, and reads as follows : Art. I. Sec. 4. “The times, places, and manner of holding elections for Senators and Representatives, shall be prescribed in each State by the Legislature thereof ; but the Congress may at any time by law, make or alter such regulations, except as to the places of choosing Senators.” Now, as this is the only place in the Constitution that in positive language determines where the power of regulating the elections under the Constitution resides — except Sec. I. of Art. 2, respecting Presidential Electors, which does not touch the main question — and as this clause gives the *ultimate* power *directly* to CONGRESS, it should settle the question in debate. Though, for the time being, it gives the power to the several States, it declares that “CONGRESS *may* at *any time* MAKE” the *regulations*, or “*alter*” those made by the State Legislatures. That the word “*manner*,” in the clause, refers to *suffrage*, and not to anything *incidental*, is manifest, from the fact that it also speaks of the “times and places” of holding the elections, which

are the only *incidental* things in the matter. That this is the correct view, is confirmed by Mr. Madison, who is the author of the clause. In the Virginia Convention, which met for the ratification of the Constitution, he interpreted the clause to mean that, while at the outset it was deemed expedient that each State should regulate the question of suffrage, Congress should have the *ultimate* power of control; and that this power was reserved to Congress to prevent the States from abusing the exercise of the right, so as to conflict with the interests and perpetuity of the General Government — a thing he and his fellow framers of the Constitution saw to be possible, if not probable. He farther stated that the clause invested Congress with the right and power to pass a National Uniform Suffrage Law, which circumstances might render it necessary for Congress to exercise to preserve the existence of the National Government.

Such a necessity has at length transpired. The circumstances that have created it are pregnant with the most important and significant lessons that urge, with trumpet tongue, upon Congress the duty of exercising their reserved right in the promulgation of a Universal Enfranchisement Law, found to be necessary, not only for the safety of the Country and to satisfy the righteous claims of the unenfranchised, but, as this argument has shown, to lift the Government into the dignity of a *Nationality*. If, therefore, Congress refuse to bring into requisition their clear prerogative and decline this act which would reconstruct the whole country at once, they are recreant to their highest official obligations. To the Government's own cry for redemption from disgrace and peril is added the voice of disfranchised millions, whose right to the vote, both by Nature and the Constitution, is as sacredly theirs as is the right of the Senators and Representatives of the Nation through whose delinquency they are deprived of it. The party in power, having the requisite two-thirds majority in both Houses, the settlement of the whole question of Suffrage, which is the main one of Reconstruction, is as wholly within their Legislative resources, as we have shown it to be within their Constitutional right. Of their political supremacy they are well aware; of the perils that environ the Nation they are not ignorant; of the righteousness of the claims of the unenfranchised they are well satisfied; and if they are not ignorant of their Constitutional power to perform the act of National Justice and glory which we have urged — and of this it were a disgrace and a crime for any friend of his Country to be uninformed, and how much more for a Senator or Representative of the Nation — then there can be no reason for their not acting promptly and with vigor but cowardice in

presence of the foe, or of treachery to the cause of Human Rights, and the agonizing appeal of the Poor and the still Oppressed.

Had the Fathers reduced their principles to stern and beneficent practice, and made the Government in fact what they proclaimed it in theory, Slavery would have been impossible, sectional jealousy and alienation would have been prevented, a homogeneous industrial, social, and Political Society would have been established, and Dissolution and Civil War would have been unknown. But failing in this primal duty and necessity, and first yielding to and then joining the Slaveholders in their Conspiracy against Liberty, they gave us the Enslavement of a Race, the triumph of Despotism, the Dissolution of their Union, and Civil War deluging the Land in blood. Now, in reconstructing the shattered Union, another opportunity is offered to go to the foundations and build anew as the Fathers should have built at the first, and so make the Nation, at once, both Sovereign and Just. Not to do this is to sacrifice National Sovereignty, perpetuate the old Despotism, reënthrone the old Oligarchy, keep the Blacks in substantial Slavery, if not actually rivet again their old chains, make the blood and treasure expended in the War worse than a waste — a manifold robbery and murder — send down a legacy of Strife and a War of Races to the generation to follow us, to be crowned with such accumulated Judgments of Heaven as shall “make all knees tremble and all hearts faint,” and thus fulfill the prophecy of Jefferson, uttered while contemplating this very folly and injustice, that “GOD by His *exterminating thunder* will show His attention to the affairs of this world !”

DAVID PLUMB.

New York, November, 1868.

A PARAPHRASE OF THE PSALM CXXXIX.

O LORD, thou hast searched me and known me
By night, and by day, —
Thou knowest my acting, my resting,
My work and my way.
The word on my tongue and my thought
Are foreknown unto thee, —
Before and behind thou besettest,
Thy hand is on me.

O whither escape from thy spirit?
Or how shall I fly
Thy wonderful presence avoiding, —
Thy knowledge so high?
If I rise to the heaven sublimest,
Lo there thou dost dwell!
If I fall through the lowest and deepest,
Thou rulest in hell.

If I take me the wings of the morning
And dwell o'er the sea,
Even there shall thy hand ever clasping;
Thy right hand, lead me.
If under the darkness I hide me
And wrap me in night,
The night maketh day-light about me,
The dark shineth bright, —
To thine eye is no day, and no darkness,
But clearness, and sight.

From earliest time thou hast seen me, —
Or ever my birth
Brought my spirit and body together
To dwell in the earth,
Thou wast moving the forces of nature,
The earth-powers of old,
Fore-ordaining my marvellous substance
The spirit to hold.

I will praise thee with awe for my body
So wondrously wrought —
So fashioned by order eternal —
And filled with thy thought.

Thy thoughts that inspire me outnumber
 The sand of the sea ;—
 They are precious — my spirit awakens
 To nearness with thee.

All evil within me, withstanding
 Thy far-moving plan —
 All wickedness rising against thee,
 The old strife in man,
 Temptations and cunning assailings
 Thy might, that oppose —
 I hate them, with hatred unending,
 I count them my foes.

Thou Lord surely slayest the wicked !
 O bid far depart
 The grievous oppressors that urge me !
 O search thou my heart,
 And try all my thought and my striving, —
 My works and my ways —
 And rule all my powers by thy order
 To love thee and praise.

Till I walk in the path of salvation —
 Till my feet shall have trod
 In the way everlasting, that leadeth
 To life and to God.

PROGRESS.*

CHAPTER VII.

VALUELESS LANDS.

IT was on the waste lands of the Gironde, in the spring of 1857, that the idea of Progress first dawned upon me in all its splendor.

South-west of Bordeaux, there were six hundred and seventy-five thousand acres of land, parched in summer, overflowed in winter, uncultivated and unhealthy at all seasons. These three thousand millions of square yards of surface, situated near the sea, in a genial climate, at the very gates of a great city, were valued at about \$180,000, the price of two acres at Montmartre.

One half of this vast and useless space belonged to the townships ; a few

* By ED. ABOUT. Translated from the French by HENRY B. BLACKWELL.

lean sheep wandered over the scanty pasture, and no municipal Council dreamed of getting anything more out of it. The other half was subdivided into private properties ; but most of the owners, after costly and fruitless endeavors, had become discouraged. The most hardy species of forest trees grew wretchedly, and with difficulty postponed absolute death. Acorns planted in April did not germinate till June, after the evaporation of the rains ; the sun of July and August fell heavily upon the young plants and killed them. Under this intolerable sun, the beneficent showers of Spring and Autumn engendered only putrefaction : the excellent heat of the sun served only to burn everything up.

But a modest Engineer, sent into this wilderness in 1842, found means to employ all these waters, all this sunshine, and all this land for the profit of Mankind.

With his eyes fixed upon the sand hills, whose threatening advance Bramontier had arrested, he dreamed of becoming the Bramontier of the plain, of reclaiming, of cultivating and of populating this other desert.

He succeeded. After long years of study and experiment, he proved to theorists and practical men, to scholars and peasants, that this waste could be made healthy and productive at small cost, notwithstanding its impermeable sub-soil. He invented, for the use of this boundless plain without any visible slope, an economical system of drainage, which cost one cent per running yard, and less than two dollars per acre. The better to convince his neighbors he preached by example, and created in the midst of the desert an oasis of twelve hundred acres. His estate of St. Alban, purchased in 1849, is to-day a model farm ; it will soon become a village, perhaps even a city, and the inhabitants of the Wilderness will make pilgrimage thither as the Mussulmen to Mecca : for it is thence that the prophecy and example went forth.

I saw St. Alban in the first years of its creation ; I have just returned from visiting it after six years absence ; I have found forests all come into being, cultivated fields, crops free from weeds, artificial meadows, orchards, wooded pastures. An acre of potatoes yielded two hundred bushels exclusive of seed ; these roots which were of excellent quality, sold on the spot for twenty cents per bushel : total, forty dollars. An acre planted in tobacco gave eighty dollars of gross return, twenty-seven dollars net profit. This is six times what the land cost. For the entire domain about six thousand dollars was paid ; the drainage, breaking up of the ground, buildings, labor and manure have increased the total of expenditures to twenty thousand dollars. Within twenty years St. Albans will be worth two hundred thousand dollars for its wood alone. This very year, I have seen an exhibit, of which the gross product was four thousand dollars. All these figures, taken on the ground, are of absolute authenticity. Upon this exhibit, trees have already been sold for stakes and fence rails. A workshop is established near St. Albans for making them.

If the author of these marvels had contented himself with increasing tenfold his own fortune, he would still have deserved praise. To create a capital of two hundred thousand dollars, without taking it out of the pocket of

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any one, is a work of piety, and every conquest over Nonentity has a just claim to the recognition of men. But M. Chambrelent, like all the fanatics of Progress, is animated by an ambition most unselfish. After marking out a general plan for the redemption of the wilderness, he put himself at the service of every individual who was willing to follow in his footsteps. He aroused the indolent, urged the dilatory, counselled the ignorant and supplied the place of the absent. He is the man of business, the unwearied and unpaid factotum of all who wish to cultivate the soil. I saw him traverse, with long strides, the twenty-five hundred acres which Messrs. Salvador and Lechatelier have bought at Lagos. One would have said that he gloried in surpassing himself there, and in creating a new St. Alban more miraculous than his own. What beautiful nurseries of pines and oaks ! What chestnut groves ! What orchards of fruit trees ! He showed me at Lagos, acres of asparagus magnificent, excellent, and of such precocity that the first bunch sent to Paris in the spring of 1863 was valued at six dollars in the market. The Vine succeeds well there, and justifies the prediction of the father of grape-culture : " I am convinced," said Dr. Guyot, " that the Vine will be the redeeming shrub of Master Peter's Country ! " I have tasted the wine of these waste lands, and I assure you, it is worth its price. I do not say it will be possible to extend the limits of Medoc to the foot of the Pyrenees ; but is it not a great deal to produce a light and pleasant wine upon a soil which never before since its formation, produced anything but fevers ?

The State came to the aid of the proprietors : It established in two Departments, three hundred miles of farm roads, bordered by large main ditches, according to the very simple and economical plans of M. Chambrelent. Thanks to this work, there is now no longer any inaccessible land ; no longer any unhealthy land, no longer any marshy land ; and if some of the peasants still walk on stilts it is only to go faster (they have told me so themselves), or to survey their flocks from a greater distance.

All the private properties (about three hundred and fifty thousand acres) are now cultivated, or seeded down. See what has done this. Personal interest is a motive power which pushes matters on rapidly.

As to the lands held in commons, they would have long remained sterile if the authority of a Law and the activity of a man had not stormed routine in its last entrenchments. It has been necessary that M. Chambrelent should reiterate in every way to all the Municipal Councils :

" Sell your lands ! They only serve to feed wretchedly a few consumptive sheep. Nobody will take the trouble to improve and cultivate them, because they do not belong to any one in particular. Sell them and you transform a focus of infection into a fountain of wealth. You want a thousand necessary things. You have neither schools, nor public buildings, nor churches, nor water fit to drink. The sale of the commons will give you all these and more too ; sell them then ! "

The Municipal Councils let him talk, and sold but little, when the law of the 19th of June, 1857, drove them to the wall. They were given twelve years to drain and seed down their three hundred and fifty thousand acres.

It was necessary to raise money. One half of the commons were sold for the improvement of the remainder. Purchasers presented themselves in crowds. These lands, without value for some years past, attained a very high price; and soon the municipalities, forming a taste for so doing, sold at higher and higher prices. They have disposed of two hundred thousand acres already; they are continually working off the remaining one hundred and fifty thousand. The price of these lands, which was one dollar and eighty cents per acre forty years ago, and six dollars fifteen years since, has advanced to sixty dollars. The townships grow rich visibly, in proportion as they strip themselves of their land. Money abounds: especially where the commons are sold, we see buildings of public utility arise.

The clergy were very desirous that the entire proceeds of the commons should be employed in constructing those white, uniform, Gothic churches which can be seen a long way off, and which delight the heart of his Reverence, Cardinal Dounet: but the practical good sense of the peasants reserves some dollars for the school-house and for the wells of drinking water invented by M. Chambrelent. The works of public drainage, which must be completed in 1869, by the terms of the law, will be finished in 1865. This is perhaps the first time for ages that a work of public utility will have been brought to a successful termination before the time prescribed. It is true that personal interest shoves at the wheel.

In two years, there will not be an acre uncultivated in the lands of the Gironde. In thirty years not an acre will be found which produces less than ten dollars per annum, or which is worth less than two hundred dollars. And this immense tract, which did not represent two hundred thousand dollars when we were at College, will be worth one hundred and twenty millions, six hundred times the original sum, in 1893. And if nobody has the kindness to preserve a few square yards of the old unimproved land as a memorial of the past, our children will shrug their shoulders at the recital of this fairy tale, and will say that we impose on their credulity.

But, to drain and cultivate these lands was not everything; there was still another difficult feat to accomplish. The general drainage of six hundred and seventy-five thousand acres resulted in pouring rapidly into an immense reservoir all the rain which fell, in an entire winter, upon a surface of three million square yards. This reservoir exists: it spreads over a length of eighty-eight thousand yards between the plateau of these lands and the impenetrable barrier of the sand hills. It extends on one side to the bed of the Gironde, on the other to the canal of Lege and the basin of Arrachon. It is a morass sixty-six miles long, the width of which, constantly varies.

In a region where the slope of the land does not exceed the one thousandth part of a yard, an elevation of level of one yard causes an inundation three quarters of a mile wide. On the other hand, whenever the elevation is reduced one yard, the water, on retiring, exposes a surface of marsh three quarters of a mile wide by sixty-six miles in length. In consequence of this unfortunate condition of things, all the lands, situated between the extremity of the plateau and the first slopes of the sand hills, appear doomed

to incurable sterility; the fever chased from the plain takes refuge in the marshes of the shore.

The drainage of these sixty-six wet miles presented a problem as gigantic and complicated as the works of Lake Fucino. The mass of water to be drawn off is nearly equal. The extent of territory to be subdued is apparently the same, viz: about thirty-five thousand acres. These thirty-five thousand acres covered with water are worth, on an average, seventy-five cents per acre, according to a regular estimate made in 1859 and 1860. When drained, they necessarily acquire an increased value of twenty dollars per acre, in other words, they would be worth to-morrow twenty-eight times what they are worth to-day.

But will it ever come, this generous to-morrow which will enrich so many land owners? Be reassured; it has come already. M. Chambrelent has found means to draw off, surely and regularly, all the waters which the sky sheds upon the land, and which the land, drained in every sense, discharges into the marshes. He has divided them into two parts, one of which will be poured into the basin of Arrachon, the other, into the bed of the river Gironde. The works of the first canal are nearly completed. I have already traversed, dry shod, vast spaces over which I floated in a boat six years before. The soil reclaimed is a modern peat-bed more than three feet deep. Here pastures have been created; here splendid herds are seen, very different from the lean cows which browsed upon the reeds, while a legion of leeches browsed upon their poor blood-stained bodies. These marshes transformed into meadows will yield two tons of hay to the acre, and twelve hundred pounds of rowen. A complete system of irrigation allows twenty thousand cubic yards of water to be furnished annually per acre. Of the water thus applied, there is reserved for purposes of irrigation, and for the future of fish-culture, two lakes, with a total surface of twenty-five thousand acres. All this work is done. It lacks only the stroke of a pick-axe at an official inauguration. All the inhabitants of the shore are delighted, except one. This is a physician, who is more an artist than a philanthropist. He has threatened with a law suit the engineers, who, by suppressing the marsh fever, have deprived him of all his patients.

The canal which empties into the Gironde offers greater difficulties; for the river water, at high tide, rises three feet above the level of the marsh to be drained. It has been found necessary to establish flood-gates, and to arrest the flow of the waters six hours out of twelve. But, on the other hand, they have upon this side, an admirable irrigation, as fertilizing, or nearly so, as the inundations of the Nile. The waters of the Gironde, introduced at will, deposit an alluvial soil which rises annually about two inches. And such is the fertility of this deposit, that a field, irrigated by the river, yielded without manure, thirty-five bushels of grain per acre in the year 1862.

To sum it all up, consider the balance of progress which the genius and perseverance of a single man have realized in the space of a few years: three thousand times a thousand yards square made healthful, put under cultivation, converted to the use of man; one hundred and fifty times a

thousand yards square added to the soil of France by a victory without tears ; fever expelled from a country which it had rendered uninhabitable ; the human race, and all kinds of domestic animals, improved and multiplied ; an enormous augmentation of Being, or of Good, produced upon the surface of the earth.

The man to whom we owe all these benefits does not need to leave behind him an immortal renown ; he can even in strictness dispense with the recompense which Faith promises him in a future life. The happiness of working usefully for Progress, the certainty of leaving the world more habitable, and better than it was before him, these are the reward of his labors. If some happy chance permit his name to be inscribed on the rolls of glory ; if even, after the decay of his body, something of him shall survive in an ideal world, and enjoy a well deserved felicity, this would be an additional reward which I am not disposed to depreciate, but which is not a thing of absolute necessity.

M. Chambrelent, from the commencement of his enterprise, has been seconded by two great auxiliaries of Progress : the Newspaper, and Capital. He found an advocate eloquent, devoted, and indefatigable, in our comrade, André Lavertujon, a defeated candidate, a persecuted editor, but, with due deference to the Administration, one of the five or six writers whose talent confers honor on the French press in 1863.

The question of capital has also its importance. Merely to drain the marshes of the sea-shore cost one hundred and sixty thousand dollars in hard and solid silver. Two great country proprietors raised the sum. One of them, M. Teyssier is a veritable native of the soil. He resides on the shores of the lakes more often than in the City ; the pine of this region yields turpentine, and M. Teyssier distills its essence in his factory of Canau. The other, M. I. B. Clerc, is a true townsman, captain of a privateer, trader, shipper, the type of a great foreign merchant. He has chosen for his country seat the ancient chateau of Pope Clement, and has resuscitated, at incredible effort and expense, the famous Pontifical farm.

This wholesale commerce of Bordeaux is the most Athenian one can imagine. It reads, it reasons, it brags, it cracks a good joke ; it has modes of action exceedingly large, and which do not smell of the shop. The laborers who dug the canal drank bad water ; people told M. Clerc that their health was suffering greatly in consequence. "If the water does not agree with them," replied the excellent man, "let them drink grog !" He ordered them a daily allowance of rum, and this innocent witticism cost him four thousand dollars. But they had no sick people about the place, and this is perhaps the only draining of a marsh on record which did not make a single victim.

Justice should be rendered to all : the administration itself has favored this great enterprise. *The Official*, in France, is not wicked, nor malevolent by nature. He is only ignorant, and given to routine. But when some one has actually succeeded in getting an idea introduced into his head, he is easily persuaded that he is himself its originator, and he interests himself in it like a father. Who does not know that admirable and mournful re-

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mark of Col. X. ? He had invented, under the first empire, a new artillery carriage infinitely superior to all others. "What has given me most trouble," said he, "was neither the construction of my carriage, nor the suspension of the cannon, nor the accoutrements ; the difficulty has been to make General Y. comprehend the system, who, moreover, has been very desirous to give his name to it."

I discard questions of self love, and arrive at the fact. The state which ought to contribute to all works of public health furnished an appropriation of twelve thousand eight hundred dollars. The County and townships gave nine thousand two hundred more. Messrs. Clerc and Teyssier will repay themselves the remaining one hundred and thirty-eight thousand dollars, out of the increased value of the lands reclaimed, and we may hope, from present appearances, that they will make for themselves also a handsome profit. Progress is not always an ungrateful master, whatever men may say ; he sometimes recompenses those who have served him.

In the department of the North, near Dunkerk, rises a chain of drifting and encroaching sand hills. It is impossible to stop the advance of the dunes by the method of Bramontier ; the maritime pine does not flourish in this latitude, and moreover, no tree can withstand the violent winds of the North Sea. It was necessary to invent something else. An old representative of 1848, M. Gaspard Malo, a sea-captain of Dunkerk, has discovered the secret of utilizing the scourge, of changing the misfortune into a benefit, of turning to our advantage those very sand hills which seemed to exist only to annoy us. Not only does he render them stationary, but he cultivates them with profit. He plants in lines a species of coarse native "dog's tooth" grass, known in the country by the name of oya. This oya spreads very much, does not send down deep roots, but attaches itself by all its tendrils to the surface of the soil. From the moment that the plantation has taken hold, the drifting sand becomes stationary. The cultivator then appears, and upon this surface, henceforth permanent, sows clover. The white sand of these dunes is sterile only in appearance ; it contains an enormous quantity of chalk ; the ocean, which has rolled it in its billows, has charged it with precious salts. The clover grows well, plunges its tap-roots deep, and soon, choking the ayo, extends itself, free and victorious, in beautiful undulating prairies. I do not believe that any one has yet rendered public thanks for the simple and fortunate discovery of M. Malo. I speak of it as an eye-witness, but it was only mere chance that conducted me to the sand hills of Dunkerk. What matter if the inventor never obtain the glory he merits ? He is sure of leaving France a little more beautiful and richer than she would have been without him. He has suppressed a valueless soil.

Valueless lands still abound in this country, although France is one of the seven or eight spots of earth where the fewest of such remain. Under a favored sky, on a soil cultivated for centuries, are still found vast tracks of land useless to men. Traverse Sologna, Dombes, Brittany, Camargue, and you will agree with me. Almost all the summits of our mountains are injuriously bare of trees. But mountains striped of forests cause us unin-

dations, as stagnant marshes generate fever. It may be said that nature has decreed, in order to stimulate our zeal, that all wealth neglected shall become a danger of death.

We must add to the list of lands absolutely valueless those which are relatively valueless. For example, a soil fit for grain, if it be devoted to raising timber; a soil fit for the production of meat, like the valley of Auge, or Cotentin, if it be cultivated for grain; a stream adapted to trout, if it feed only pike; a pond fit for carp, if only smelt are found in it. Every large garden without bees is relatively valueless, since, every year, a full hundred weight of honey is thus lost without profit to any one. A region where unseasonable, or excessive hunting has exterminated the game, no longer yields to man all it ought to do, and, even if it were managed to perfection in every other respect, it would still, in this single particular, pass into the category of valueless lands.

The existence of lands either absolutely, or relatively valueless, are explicable by three causes, which are, the ignorance, poverty, or indifference of the possessor. For instance: I have two hundred and fifty acres of poor land in Sologna, but I do not know that it would be easy to improve it by the use of lime; or, I know this, but lack the four thousand dollars which I need to spend in order thereby to gain twenty thousand: or, I have the possession of the property without being the proprietor of it, and so, have no interest in depriving myself of my income in order to augment a capital which does not belong to me.

Of these three causes, the first is actively opposed by the propagation of intelligence; such men as Bixio, Barral, Jourdier, Léonce de Lavergne and their disciples will soon have apprized all proprietors of whatever it is their interest to know. The second will disappear almost as rapidly by the aid of institutions for loaning money on real estate, which are among the marvels of our time. But, as for the third, it will not be removed without the employment of heroic means: it will be necessary to arouse personal interest by measures which are altogether a revolution.

I do not fear to say that almost all valueless lands belong to-day to impersonal beings: the State, Townships, benevolent institutions, &c. A hospital possesses an estate worth two thousand dollars; it rents the property to the first responsible peasant who applies, on a lease of nine years, and secures a net revenue of fifty dollars per annum, at $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. Let us suppose that the tenant, an intelligent farmer, in easy circumstances, should say to the Board of Managers: "If you will release me from the rent of the first four years, I will drain this land, which needs it very much, and I will pay you $4\frac{1}{2}$ per cent., or ninety dollars, per annum, for the remainder of the term." The Board will reply unanimously: "We know enough of arithmetic to comprehend that $90 \times 5 = 50 \times 9$; but you may die at the end of the four years, or may get into difficulties. Moreover, the poor, our patients, cannot live on hope for four years to come. Finally, we have not been invested with the management of a hospital in order to increase its revenues, but to look after them and employ them regularly." These gentlemen are doing their duty, and no one has a right to blame

them, but if they should sell the estate to this responsible and capable peasant, the two thousand dollars, invested at five per cent., would yield one hundred dollars per year to the unfortunate, and the estate, when drained, would return seven or eight per cent. to the owner. Everybody would be gainers, the poor, the peasant, and the Managers themselves, who could devote several hours more each week to their business, or pleasure.

If four hundred villagers should own in common an estate of fifty acres, you could say in advance, that this land would neither be drained, nor improved, nor manured, nor cultivated. Each would get from it what he could, but no one would expend a single cent, nor a quarter of an hour's labor upon it. The municipal officers, charged with the management of the public fortune, would set the example of neglect, or waste, and the common property, even if it were arable land of the first quality, would not yield one half of one per cent. And why? Because it is common property. Sell these fifty acres to the first comer; I do not say, to a Gasparin, or a Matthieu de Dombasle, but to that little shepherd who wanders down yonder with twelve sheep: the village will soon have a school-house, and the fifty acres will produce fifteen hundred bushels of wheat.

But the townships of our county owned, in 1861, nearly twelve million acres, and of this immense space, representing one eleventh part of the French soil, there were not fifteen hundred thousand acres in cultivation.

The state owns forests worth three hundred million dollars, at the estimated value; I do not fear to raise the estimate to six hundred millions. The official estimate values the acre at from eighty to a hundred dollars. It is from moderation that I content myself with doubling this sum, for I know entire forests, of which the moveable value alone, that is, the wood, is worth from six to seven hundred dollars per acre.

This enormous capital gave, in 1863, a net product of less than seven million dollars; in other words, about one and one seventh per cent. But the State, the proprietor of so beautiful a domain, is loaded with debt. The principal of this debt is more than two thousand million dollars, on which it pays interest at five per cent.

What should we think of the son of a family, who would pay five per cent. interest, and hold on to an estate paying only one and one seventh? We should feel bound to get out an injunction against him. In the hands of some interested proprietors, the national forests return as high as five per cent. But the State pays dearer than you and I for all it buys, and sells everything cheaper.

A proprietor other than the State, looking after his affairs himself, would confide the care of his forests to servants, not officials. His interests would be better protected, and rapine more efficiently repressed. In a short time, the pest of woodland vagabondage would be extirpated. You would no longer see entire communities subsisting upon a forest, like vermin on a beggar. There are more than one hundred thousand Frenchmen, whose sole industry consists in raking up dry leaves and making faggots of

dead wood. Inasmuch as this is an occupation which does not supply the means of living, they add to it the theft of live wood, and the unseasonable destruction of game, which, as every one knows, often results in murder.

When the guardians of the forest are hired servants, and not public functionaries, they will no longer feed a herd of cows upon the young shoots of the trees. They will be armed with a carbine, and not with a double-barrel shot-gun; they will protect the game, instead of destroying it. How many useful and beautiful species have already disappeared from our woods! In the forest of X., the woodcock still abounded, ten years ago. It has vanished. Why? There was a guard there, says the legend, who excelled in catching woodcock. The very nightingales are gone. There was a guard there who had no rival in the art of catching nightingales.

The Administration will exclaim that I slander it. There are regulations, formal decrees. No guard may feed more than two cows, and he is allowed to pasture them only in the roads of the forest. No guard is allowed to keep dogs, nor to set traps for game, nor to carry a shot-gun. To whom do you say this? Yet when evidence the most overwhelming is brought against one of your functionaries, when his superior, his superintendent, his inspector, and even the game-preserved himself knows that he poaches, that he steals, are you quite sure he will be dismissed? He is the father of a family, we know him, he has done some little services, has made some little presents, as a vassal to a great lord; he wrongs only the State, which is rich, or that Paris gentleman who hires the right to hunt; above all, he is a public functionary, that is to say, a member of a body in which all is united from head to foot. If he were only a hired servant, he would do his duty; or else be expelled within twenty-four hours.

Only try the experiment of selling the national forests, and see if personal interests do not increase ten-fold the production of game, while it quadruples the revenue of the woods.

When all the forests of the State and townships are governed by private interest, the cultivation of all the plains will be permitted. A soil fit for the culture of grain ought not to be eternally devoted to the growth of wood.

"But you are going to strip bare all the soil of France!" Quite otherwise. Before clearing an acre of level ground, the proprietor will be required to prove that he has planted successfully two acres of mountain, or even four, if you choose. But where shall we find citizens rich enough to pay over six hundred million dollars all at once? You are not obliged to sell all at once; even the most ordinary prudence would dictate that the alienation of the forests and the extinction of the debt should not be completed in less than twenty years. Otherwise, we should depreciate the value of the property to be sold, and should increase beyond measure the price of what we undertake to cancel.

It would be well that each forest to be cleared should be purchased in a body by a Company, and should become the seat of a great rural enterprise.

Companies are collective beings like the State, or Township, but how different in principle and action ! Compare the most zealous official with a railroad director. Which of the two is chosen for his talent, apart from all outside influence ? Free to act, so far as he does well ? Removed, the moment he behaves amiss ? Responsible for everything ? Interested so directly in the prosperity of the enterprise that he can only enrich himself by making the fortune of his associates ? The other is full of self-consciousness, timidity, submissiveness, arrogance, routine, and discontent. Though you may go to his office to pay a million dollars, or to draw a like sum, you will find him equally cross and grumbling, for the sight of a great capitalist reminds him, every minute, of his own position at a salary of two thousand dollars and a retiring pension of six hundred dollars, the sole hope of his old age.

A government official, honest man, if he have a simpleton of a son between twenty-one and twenty-five years of age, does not hesitate to demand him as his Secretary. He would not for a moment run the risk of employing him as an Engineer, if he were managing a mine, or a blast furnace. This is because, in the first case, the blunders of the simpleton are prejudicial only to France.

It is asserted in our country that to wrong the Public is to wrong nobody. This is why public opinion has always drawn a wide distinction between a smuggler, per example, and a thief.

The Northern Railroad Co. lately pursued, overtook, and arrested, even in America, three cashiers who had defrauded it. These three individuals would probably still go at large if they had only stolen the medals from the Government Library, or some other National treasure.

But we shall refer again more than once to the power of Associations and the feebleness of Society.

Our governments of the present day, which do not lack good intentions, are applying themselves seriously to fish-culture. They comprehend that a great service would be rendered to thirty-seven million men not very well fed, if our water-courses could be re-stocked with fish. Estuaries, rivers, streams and canals are all with us absolutely, or relatively valueless.

Surely, the State is rich enough to found ten magnificent establishments, like the one at Huningue, and to produce every year many thousand millions of little fishes. But, to cause them to be hatched is not all ; it is needful to rear and protect them to the age of maturity. To whom shall this delicate care be intrusted ? It has been a question of late between the Administration of waters and forests and that of bridges and highways, which last has, at length, taken it in charge. But to what purpose ? The Engineers of bridges and highways have a thousand things to do, and the fresh-water poacher has but one. He rises at any hour ; no means of destruction come amiss. He has long nets which literally strain a river ; he spares neither the small fry, nor the fish heavy with spawn ; when all other engines of destruction are at fault, he does not hesitate to poison a running stream, for the sake of catching half a dozen trout. To this ferocity of self-interest what barrier can we oppose ? We have the guardians of fish,

but they are public functionaries and perfectly disinterested on the question. They would have unusual virtue if they were willing to embroil themselves with their neighbors, friends, and companions in order to render service to the public which returns them no thanks for so doing. But, suppose that a special Company is formed for the management and development of fish in a certain water-course. Self-interest is aroused. An intelligent Director is chosen, who will receive a specified per centage of the profits. A nursery of young fish is created, at a small expense. Useful species are widely disseminated throughout the water, the injurious kinds are destroyed, the fish are watched by interested servants; a reward is guaranteed to all the agents of local authority who may seize a trespasser in the very act. Efficient steps are taken to prevent the transportation and sale of fish during the spawning season; in a word, the Company create its own special police for itself, and does it well, because the profit is behind it. On these conditions, a moderate capital will return a hundred per cent. per annum before the third year. The State, the proprietor of water courses, has created for itself a new source of revenue, the people are better off because better fed, and Progress has made an advance without the heads of Departments having sacrificed a minute of their precious leisure.

The tide alternately covers and uncovers, before our faces, a strip of land twelve hundred miles in length, and about 450,000 acres in surface. The proprietor of this vast tract derives no profit whatever from it: the proprietor is the State. If the State would consent to part with this useless domain, private interest would cultivate fish upon it, the lobster and the oyster; a harvest of twenty million of dollars per annum could be gathered from it in 1870.

But will the Administration follow the advice of the most practical of our scientific men? Will it permit M. Coste to add a new benefaction to those which France owes him already?

I do not pretend to enumerate all the values we suffer to be lost, but which Progress will, sooner or later, employ for the profit of humanity.* Our water-courses will not only serve to feed shoals of fish, but irrigation will spread them in great sheets over our meadows to take the place of the manure we lack; the unassuming rural occupations will derive aid from their force, which now lies almost wholly inactive. Each farm, even tolerably well

* The citizens of France produce annually 120 million dollars worth of manure. They throw more than half of it into the streets and rivers. The peasant allows to perish, by evaporation, fully one third of the manure produced by his cattle. He despises the liquid manure, that fluid gold! But even gold itself is neglected in our own homes, and we do not draw from it the service it ought to render. How many millions still sleep in dusty drawers, or worsted stockings, without profit to any one! The most quick-witted people on earth do not know that a sum of one thousand dollars hoarded in a cupboard for a month is a loss of five dollars to its owner, and of five dollars to the country. Invested in business, it will produce six per cent. net return, which represents at least twelve per cent. gross profit: a total of twelve dollars per month to be devided. We are fools.

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situated, will have its own threshing-machine, transformable into a mill or a root-cutter. On plains without water, the power of the air will be utilized, and this is incalculable. Are you aware that the slightest breath of wind which skims over the soil of France is a power of many millions of horses? The Americans put on their house a little wind-mill which pumps water from the well, and performs a thousand domestic services: it is a winged servant, like the frolicsome spirit of whom La Fontaine speaks. These same Americans, who are decidedly more practical than we, put Winter itself in to store, in order to regain it in summer. It freezes in our country too, but the sight of rivers and ponds covered with ice only inspires us with the idea of taking a walk. Ice is provided in Paris and the large cities; but nine tenths of France have never thought of it. Yet the construction of an ice house in every village would cost no more than the weather cock of the church steeple; and when a sick person needs ice in summer, it is not the sight of a gilded weather cock which will cure him. But do not say in the slightest degree that I counsel the destruction of the churches. Far from that! I wish that the smallest church were protected by a lightning-rod against the inadvertencies of the Heavens.

All hidden treasures will, some day or other, be brought into use; not only the mines and quarries which are still to be discovered, but the precious advantages with which we are in daily contact without knowing it. For ten centuries and more, we have kneaded clay; it is not ten years since M. Deville extracted from it the first ingot of aluminum. How long has Agriculture put to profit the deposits of mineral phosphate? It is a progress which dates from yesterday. The Greeks and Romans worked mines of coal; the French only learned to use them within one hundred and fifty years. It is but little more than thirty years since we began to extract gas from it for purposes of illumination; it is only yesterday that we discovered, in the residuum of the gas retorts, the splendid colors it contains. For my part, I never pass before the refuse, accumulated in mountains beside all factories, without reflecting that chemistry will, some day, use those despised materials to the great profit of the human race. And the Sea, that immense liquid mine, from which we scarcely draw, every year a few handfulls of salt!*

In fact, when we see all that remains to be done of beauty and benefit in a little country of one hundred and twenty-five millions of acres, we find it hard to explain the sadness and despair of the young generations who cry out, plunging their hands in their pockets: "Why need we have been born? There is nothing left for us to do!"

Amiable young gentlemen, if the labors of Agriculture and of Industry do not seem to you worthy of your talents, if you fear to lower your dignity by converting our rivers into canals, by bringing our solitudes into cultivation, by cutting roads across our mountains, then, withdraw yourselves for

* The Dead Sea contains seven pounds of bromure of magnesium in each cubic yard of water. We may therefore consider it as a vast reservoir of bromine.

a few years, from the boulevard and from your native parish ; face the fatigues and dangers of some long voyage to unknown lands ; busy yourselves in the depths of Central Africa, Australia, or New Caledonia ; and the meanest among you will become as great as Alexander, for he will have opened new paths to Civilization. If these labors alarm you, shut yourself up in a stove, like Descartes, or in a dark closet, like Malebranche, and seek a solution of the metaphysical problems which those sublime dreamers have not yet solved. If metaphysics seem to you barren, write stories for little children, or a history of France, in one volume, for the use of mature men. Devote yourselves to painting, sculpture, music ; and produce something beautiful ; this is still a way to do good. No Arts whatever are useless, and the man who contributes to the enjoyment of his fellows, whether he be called Homer or Perrault, renders service to Humanity.

LET US ORGANIZE.

TIS the very year, the very day :
 Chaos would a game of planets play,
 Clear its vertigo, and pirouette,
 Rounded, balanced in a kosmic set.
 Take the molten sky your rod upon,
 Whirl its crystal, — lo, a demijohn,
 Holds a gallon still unrectified :
 Planets plumper with a daily tide
 Cannot learn around our rod to spin,
 Shiver it and send the splinters in.
 What's the matter ? Chiefly want of eye
 Deepes to guage, how far they stay, how shy.
 Chubby hands insist upon the moon
 For a top, to twirl the mighty tune,
 Heaven-shaking, till it is a hum
 Deftly sent 'twixt finger and a thumb.
 Twenty thousand years will scarce suggest
 Least of forms that labor in their breast.
 There is carbon, and the diamond's sure :
 Hurry up its whiteness to secure,
 Smuts and lamp-black plenty to command
 Blacken with your overgreed your hand.
 While the atoms wait doth concourse come
 Æon-fashion, without tuck of drum.
 Do you rage to be an æon, you,
 Minute-hand somewhere 'twixt one and two ?

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NOTES.

THE TWO WORLDS.

("It is idle to speak of England. Which England? There is one which is represented by the constituents which demanded of their candidate, 1st, whether he believed in the book of Genesis? and 2d, when he last partook of the communion? There is another which defends John Stuart Mills finest religious and social radicalism, and elects him thereon. And between those two classes what worlds roll on side by side in these little Islands. England is an epitome of the Eastern Hemisphere, of ages past and present, dark and luminous.")

THE writer makes England his point of observation, but one could scarcely escape a similar impression at any point on either hemisphere. No one can intelligently regard the present condition of the world at large, and not discover the signs of important transitions—the unmistakable heralding of a new era. Even in China and Japan; where for ages it has been all old, we now have the division into old and new, "to the great disturbance of that sense of fixity and repose which has hitherto been the ideal of oriental felicity." The most conservative forms of Christianity are there regarded as the boldest infidelity; and those of their own class who have imbibed somewhat of the good and the bad which bigoted Christians have brought them, are spoken of very much as the *Boston Courier* speaks of the Radicals,—“a class who look forward to a consummated anarchy, to the dethronement of religion and morality as the millennial dawn.” It is the old cry: This Nazarene will destroy our temple and change the custom of Moses.

It is quite the same in all parts of Europe. The Conservatism of Europe which is radical with the Arab or Hindoo, finds at home a party which changes its relations to the public, and puts it wholly on the defensive; it is no more aggressive. If it is radical abroad and can maintain an aggressive campaign in the interests of progress, at home its vocation is gone, and it must contend there for bare existence. Just as the Chinaman holds fast to what he has got, and dare not accept more, because to do so would involve the loss of that he has, so the faithful churchman must hold his own against Colenso; the Pope against Mazzini; and here in America Conservatism both political and religious, is put to its wits, and oftentimes, out of its wits, to hold fast that fixity and repose in the old ways which,—in spite of direst calamities it has befallen our land to endure in consequence,—it still declares to be the only *American felicity*.

Here also we find the two worlds rolling on side by side. The oceans which separate the two continents into Eastern and Western, do not divide the race intellectually or morally. The old is in the new world, and the new is in the old world. Everywhere, the two roll on together. And the same feeling is shown which has characterized every great movement in the past. The lines are plainly drawn which separate, now as of old, mankind into believers and unbelievers, into those who rejoice in the new signs of deliverance, and those to whom these signs are only portents of evil.

This division in the ranks however is a natural one, and one which furnishes no occasion for discouragement. The believers have only need of untiring patience. It is not probable that the great mass of those who stand opposed, either in the religious or political field to any nobler movement, are stubbornly closing their eyes to what they have recognized as true, or their hearts against the admission of some larger good than that they possess. The fact undoubtedly is, people are blind, uneducated both in ideas and in feelings. They do *not* see, therefore they fear, and oppose. They do not recognize the good as good; the *permanent gain* form the temporary gratification. They lack wisdom in the departments of private and public morals. As for *religion*, they have none to speak of.

Shall we demand the flower before the bud has begun to form? Shall we curse the fig-tree for not bearing fruit before the fruit season has come?

Hence, I say, with patience and with charity, each may pursue his inflexible and forward course, considering it encouragement ample and sufficient, if he keep his own gaze upon the mark, and find his own utterances and acts are able to stand the tests of truth.

A pertinent comparison is made by a recent writer of the relations existing in early times between the despised and persecuted Christians, and the then Imperial Masters of the world. The writer says:

"The Christianity which those emperors aimed at repressing, was, in *their* conception of it, something philosophically contemptible, subversive, and morally abominable. As men, they sincerely regarded it much as well-conditioned people with us regard mormonism; as rulers, they regarded it much as liberal statesmen with us regard the Jesuits: a kind of mormonism, constituted as a vast secret society, with obscure aims of political and social subversion was what Antoninus Pius, and Marcus Aurelius believed themselves to be repressing, when they punished Christians. The early Christian apologists again and again declare to us under what odious imputations the Christians lay,—how general was the belief that those imputations were well

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grounded,—how sincere was the horror which the belief inspired. One asks one's self with astonishment how a doctrine so benign as Christ's, can have incurred misrepresentation so monstrous. The inner and moving cause of the misrepresentation lay no doubt in this, that Christianity was a new spirit in the Roman world, and was destined to act in that world as a dissolvent; and so it was inevitable that Christianity in the Roman world, like democracy in the modern world, like every new spirit with a similar mission assigned to it, should, at its first appearance, occasion an instinctive shrinking and repugnance in the world which it was to dissolve."

THE Kingdom of heaven is within you. Not many believe this. You do not find it in any creed ever written. Why?

REASON should be equal to all the demands of a spiritual religion. It is sufficient unto itself. It is its own authority. Why should revelation antedate the mind's perception? Why?—do I ask? It cannot. When the mind sees, the revelation is made, and not sooner.

GOD is never officious. His energy is without ostentation. He never boasts of himself as the Hebrews and others have reported. They spoke. He never speaks. In mute patience he suffers the human race to speak. Thus saith the Lord? No: thus saith the mind and soul and heart of Man.

THE SPIRIT OF PROTESTANTISM is to be sought in its method. It has no quarrel with particular doctrines in themselves considered. Its full import is a disregard of the claim of such as say, or are made to say, 'I am the way'; asserting a superior claim. It is itself the way: the free, the open way, by which all may journey on and up to the highest facts of life, which become to each, Bread of Life! if thus sought and found.

THE world is divided not so much right and left, as above and below: people of the heavens, and people of the earth. Of course, I refer to the activity of the mind. The sects are all of the earth; so are the multitude that despise the sects. They dwell together and in the flat regions. Each would set the world right. How? By their little warfare of fists! Will they succeed? Never! they will bring but doomsday. There is no hope but in taking up your abode in the heavens, and keeping the earth under foot.

It is a vulgar notion that angels are incomplete without wings. The finest representations are those in which the body supports itself by its perfect *poise*. You would as soon think of their falling up as down: indeed you have no expectation but that they will rise and not fall. As for *motion*: you need not be curious; it is not your affair; they will not display any wings, yet you may be sure that they have a way of moving. When you are an angel, you shall move as they, and know all, nor wonder, either. It will seem as natural for you as wading through the mud now seems to you. Of course, I refer to the activity of the mind.

THE famous and true saying: *Spiritual things must be spiritually discerned*: is often quoted as though it were a rebuke to Reason — a notice for that to quit the premises, its only business being with material things. Such an interpretation would rob the mind of all its higher activities. Whether the mind deals with spiritual or with material things, its activity is but the exercise of Reason. Yet the difference between the spiritual and the material remains, and the Reason has this spiritual and material — this inner and outer side. When I shut my eyes upon what we commonly call nature, — but which is simply the play, the display, the *theatricals* of the spirit, nearly always cheap, imperfect, unsatisfactory even as manifestations — and deal only with spirit itself; my Reason goes as it were behind the curtain, even out of the theatre and away from the illusions and the *actors*, to converse with the original mind, the composer, creator, — the source from whence this whole procession of occurrences proceeds, — as though they were not and had never any appearance.

POLITICAL AND CIVIL LIBERTY are the cheapest things we have. They mean nothing but *opportunity*. The State agrees to let you alone — if it performs its part and no more — that you may mind what business it becomes you as a human being, intelligent and well disposed, to have. And what that should be, must be left for you yourself to decide.

We waste much breath in boasting of political privileges. Mr. Sumner says, "France has Equality, but not Liberty; we have Liberty, but not Equality." Let us by all means have both; but let us keep steadily in mind the little comparative value which either has. It is no great affair that I am equal to you — *politically*; nor a much greater affair that I am as free as you — *politically*. The ballot may represent the wish of a fool, or of a knave. It don't and won't of itself make a fool wise, nor a knave over into a decent man.

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When we say that we in America are a *free people*, we have not well considered our condition ; or else, we mean only that we are free in a comparatively unimportant sense. For if we consider the matter, we shall find ourselves cringing to despots which neither bayonet or ballot can reach. Not any "Free State," or "Free Church," or "Saviour," ancient or modern, can deliver us. After all said and done, a sturdy self-reliance is for each the only protection. Therein alone is *actual* liberty. Into this liberty every man may grow, and have the satisfaction of knowing that his repose is beyond and above any other man's power to disturb. If we are enslaved, it is by the consent of our own weak natures. Some of the freest souls have housed in bodies loaded with chains, as everybody knows, but little heeds. To be able to command one's self as superior to any adverse fortune is all that's worth the name of LIBERTY !

THE low condition of a fellow man always invites us to remove obstructions from his path, not to increase their number. Especially are we thus implored to keep out of his way ourselves. If there is a chain on his body, you may snap the links, like John Brown. If the mind is dull and heavy, you may drop into it a word, or five, perhaps, as leaven, to *develop* it ; then speed away not staying to *control* it—not even for love or pity. Your pity is often turned into sorry help. The moral law *spun* for another is his curse. Help him to *spin* for himself. He can do it. He has all power. He is not so much worse off than you—give him a chance ! He is as great as Moses, and *greater*—give him a chance !

It is to be hoped that as soon as Mr. Dickens arrives home he will issue at least a supplement to his 'American Notes,' and say even worse things than he did before. Not this time the nation's 'guest,' he can waive all scruples of delicacy, and pitch in. He has undoubtedly taken many fresh "notes ;" a few, perhaps, to our advantage. But we are the same people in one respect, as, I dare say, he well knows. He has had an opportunity to study the aspects of American culture by daylight, twilight, moonlight, and all night, one night, — a very great jam of culture it was ; lacking one thing only, namely — a *ticket* : yet willing to sell all that it had and give to the poor, for that one thing. Such poverty of proud spirit, such enthusiasm over a lion ; he cannot forget. But here is one item from the *newspapers* he may have overlooked ; a capital thing for his critical manipulation, when he arrives home. "*Which was intellectually lightest, sweetest,*

brightest, most appreciative, B. or N. Y. ?" The editors cannot quite agree. Editors are human, and have those miserable afflictions called "local prejudices," to contend with. What is needed is a candid decision of the question by some distinguished and unprejudiced *foreigner*. Everybody will concede that Mr. D. is just the man. And everybody knows that the question is fully as important as any. And again, nobody will complain if he should rap both B. and N. Y. into the middle of next week — to borrow a figure. Whatever he may say or do everybody else will certainly be gratified, and say, even as little Tim said, "God bless us — every one !"

It should not always be set down to the discredit of the radical, when people are shocked by what he says. It is often to their own discredit, if discredit is to be insisted on. For instance, how often does it occur that good people profess themselves *shocked*, when they really don't know any reason why they should be, except, that what has been said is not of their way of thinking, — if, indeed, they *have* been thinking, — and it seems to them very irreverent, or ridiculous.

"O wad ye tak a thought an' men !" !

READING, the other day, Burns' famous "Address to the Deil," which opens thus graciously, —

"O thou ! whatever title suit thee,
Auld Hornie, Satan, Nick, or Clootie," —

I called to mind that the first time I heard the name of this poet mentioned, a zealous preacher — a believer in the omnipotence as well as utter meanness of 'Clootie' — introduced him as one whose soul was now in his (Clootie's) possession, saying : 'Heaven endowed Robert Burns with rare genius, but he threw it away, and also himself.' It was, in addition to being a very sad case, a very great waste of power : so much absolutely wrested from the Kingdom of Light to the Kingdom of Darkness. The angels themselves might have coveted companionship with such a soul. But its owner had wilfully gone with it into the realms of 'Clootie.' Yet it appears that Burns, while living, had no such expectations in regard to the terminus of his labors and trials. He was bold enough to even sport with the 'Deil,' and challenge him somewhat. Hear him :

"An' now, auld Cloots, I ken ye're thinkin,
A certain Bardie's rantin, drinkin,

Some luckless hour will send him linkin
 To your black pit.
 But, faith ! he'll turn a corner jinkin,
 An' cheat you yet."

Probably the 'Bardie' has 'kept the faith,' and both preacher and Deil have been disappointed.

But we shall not pry too much into the judgments of the worlds beyond. It is sufficient that we revere the high scruples of the world we are in. The values set upon souls here must suffice for the measure of our expectations of what is to come, or of what may be elsewhere. We mean the verdict of history rather than of cotemporaneous appreciation. Even our preacher was prevented by his theology only from detecting the fine qualities of humanity which Burns' character exhibited, and which are upon this earth, at least, most esteemed. It happens that we, here, in our every-day estimations of worth, in our affections, quite ignore the tests of salvation so sacred within our churches. The relative and prospective is set aside. We are content with the absolute. We ask, what is ? We rejoice in the glory of the present without thought of the past or of the hereafter. Before us is the actual, the certainty, the truth, the beauty ; and who cares for, how ? or when ? or where ? or whence ? or whither ? Worlds are nothing, country is nothing, color is nothing, sex is nothing, age is nothing ; the beauty is of itself, and before all these ; theology, flesh, and blood, politics — the bane of sweet-tempered life ; — are kept without the door, or within their own doors, while the spirit seeks its own and revels in its presence.

Recently I chanced to meet with a full report of the celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Burns. Some of the best men in the land had met in Boston upon the occasion, none of them doubting, it would seem, but that "Auld Cloots" *had* been cheated. One of their number in a speech which brought all the others to their feet, said :

"The memory of Burns — I am afraid heaven and earth have taken too good care of it, to leave us anything to say. The West winds are murmuring it. Open the windows behind you, and hearken to the incoming tide, what the waves say of it. The doves perching on the eaves of the Stone Chapel opposite, may know something about it. Every name in broad Scotland keeps his fame bright. The memory of Burns, every man's, and boy's, and girl's head carries snatches of his songs, and can say them by heart, and, what is strangest of all, never learned them from a book, but from mouth to mouth. The winds whisper them, the birds whistle them, the corn, barley, and bulrushes hoarsely rustle them ; nay, the music-boxes at Geneva are framed and toothed to play them ; the hand-organs of the savoyards in all cities

repeat them, and the chimes of bells ring them in the spires. They
They are the property and the solace of mankind."

A poet—who does himself grace heaven and earth—sent his
hearty tribute, from which I quote :

"To-day be every fault forgiven
Of him in whom we joy ;
We take with thanks the gold of heaven,
And leave the earth's alloy."—

To 'Cloutie,'—shall we add ? That is all that 'Cloutie' ever gets.

SALVATION.

CITIZEN.

You say the important thing is to accept the truth. I think there
can be no doubt as to that. Why do you emphasize with so much
unction a point on which we are so well agreed ?

MISSIONARY.

You mistake me. I do not say the *truth*, but *the* truth.

CITIZEN.

But men differ as to what *the* truth is.

MISSIONARY.

Oh, but it is so plain—*so* plain.

CITIZEN.

What is ?

MISSIONARY.

Why, *God's* truth.

CITIZEN.

I do not understand you. What truth do you refer to ? Where is
it to be found ?

MISSIONARY.

Where ? Why, in the Bible. Where else ? What truth ? Why
this among others : Jesus Christ died to save sinners ; which means
you and me.

CITIZEN.

You speak positively. But will you explain the nature of this salva-
tion secured to us by the death of Christ ?

MISSIONARY.

I did not say *secured*. Christ made it *possible* for all to be saved.

He has done his part. It remains for you and me to do ours. Why slight the precious invitation?

CITIZEN.

But you have not answered my question. What is the *nature* of the salvation which you say Christ by his death has made possible for all? Tell me this: What will be the effect upon you yourself, say, of being saved?

MISSIONARY.

I shall be admitted into the home of the blessed, there to dwell in happiness, praising God forever.

CITIZEN.

But *admission* into the "home of the blessed" will not alone make you blessed, will it? I mean to make no personal allusion; but is a rogue made happy by being admitted into the company of honest men? Is he not rather made miserable?

MISSIONARY.

But no one is to be admitted into heaven who was not converted before he died.

CITIZEN.

Converted! What does that mean?

MISSIONARY.

It is to give one's heart to God, believing on the Lord Jesus Christ.

CITIZEN.

But, can you not define yourself? Tell me in square terms what it is to believe on the Lord Jesus Christ?

MISSIONARY.

It is to believe that he, beholding the lost and ruined condition of man, came to our earth, suffered, and was crucified, thereby opening the way for God's mercy to have free course in saving, or rescuing man from eternal perdition, which he was justly consigned for his disobedience.

"In Adam's fall,
We sinned all."

Such is the old hymn, and it tells the whole story. Sin brought death and all our woe. There was no escape but through the death of Christ.

CITIZEN.

Then the truth which you deem important, and so very plain —

MISSIONARY.

The fool that runneth may read.

CITIZEN.

And which —

MISSIONARY.

Simply relates to the salvation of the human soul through, and by, the mediatorial sacrifice of Jesus Christ, is all written down and explained in the Bible. Hence, I call it *the* truth — *God's* truth. Outside of the Bible you have nothing but human speculation and guess-work. No certainty. You are like a ship —

CITIZEN.

We will discuss that part of the subject at another time. I will concede to you that *the* truth of which you speak — salvation by the blood of Christ — *is* found in the Bible, and not elsewhere. The point I am anxious to reach is, in *what* does this salvation consist. Grant that Christ has made salvation *possible*, by atoning to God for the fall of man, whom he had made at the creation so pure and perfect, I wish to have you define the actual difference between a soul saved, and one not saved.

MISSIONARY.

I have already done so.

CITIZEN.

But I am dissatisfied with your statement. Christ, as you say, has done *his* part, that is, he has made your salvation *possible*. *Your* part is first to believe this fact. That is, or has been, an easy matter in Christendom. All Christian-born people have believed that much, even before they were *converted*. Now, let us see if after all *conversion* should not mean something very different from a belief in the simple fact of Christ's sacrifice. I think, even if I grant your claim, that now the *important* truth relates in some way to *character*. Of course, you will not insist that it is possible to go to heaven without character? The truths important to study are those which report the attributes of a perfect human being, — are they not?

MISSIONARY.

I understand that. But the two things go together : Christ's atonement, and man's perfection in God. But I cannot go to God, except through the merits of Christ. I stand and point to Christ's atonement. Only so can I enter heaven. My perfection in character follows, but does not precede my entrance there.

CITIZEN.

But is not the kingdom of heaven *within* you? If so, I suppose you will not enter heaven until after, or at the same time that heaven enters you. And now to be frank with you, while I am much obliged for your call, and for the friendly interest in my welfare you have expressed, I must tell you, as we part, that I think you make the unimportant truth the important one; or, rather, that your doctrine of atonement is no truth at all. If salvation is by Character, it is not by Christ. His mediatorial service was superfluous. The scheme has no place in the economy of nature. It does Jesus great injustice. If he really was the originator of it, he defamed God utterly. He was an upstart, thrusting himself into the providence of nature, as God would conduct it; imputing a blunder to the Infinite Wisdom, making himself more gracious than his Father, and assuming a Lordship over the rest of mankind which was nothing but an attempted usurpation. Not the famous *coup d'état* of Louis Napoleon could be more offensive to both heaven and earth. But I allow the scheme does him injustice. Jesus is interesting as illustrating much of that beauty and power the human soul is capable of. So are others. But we make too much ado over him. We do not care to boast, but we ourselves are something. If we consider rightly, as much as any. Your own soul plus God, — who is greater? My soul is God, or nothing, — the same as God, I mean. And we are equal — you and me: 'joint heirs' with each other, and with all souls besides. Your scheme ignores this *equality* of souls, and introduces *caste*. It was born not in heaven, else heaven breeds what is unworthy of earth. No wonder you say it *surpasses* reason. I verily think that God himself would need a revelation to understand it. How unworthy the nature of man it is to be thus defamed and glory in it. See what an attitude it compels you to assume: begging admission into heaven when you don't deserve to go in. You make your Christ say to the Father: "Let them come in. It will be all right." You go in, sit down, and begin to sing. Why? Because you have been saved without acting your part — the part of a man! I should think your God would cry out: "*Stop* your singing! Such selfish creatures don't know the first rudiments of music — the music of my heaven! your song grates on my ear." And then, turning to Jesus — your Christ — he would say: "Are these the souls you have brought me? My heaven can not be heaven while they remain. Turn them out!"

MISSIONARY.

Oh, stop! I can't listen any longer. I —

CITIZEN.

But since you *have* listened, —

MISSIONARY.

Your blasphemy has sorely troubled me, yet —

CITIZEN.

We will still be friends?

MISSIONARY.

— Yes.

CITIZEN.

Hoping —

MISSIONARY.

Yes!

EDWARD C. TOWNE drops the *Rev.* and goes to Chicago as assistant literary editor of the *Chicago Tribune*.

THE Poem entitled "The Future," printed in our last number, is from the new volume of Poems by Edward Rowland Sill.

BOOK NOTICES.

POEMS. By CHARLES WARREN STODDARD. San Francisco: A. Roman & Co. 1867. pp. 123.

WHEN this book reached us by mail from San Francisco, and we noticed the superiority of its vignette-views of California Scenery, and the general respectability of type and paper, it occurred to us that the people had been following Browning's advice:

"What's a man's age? He must hurry more, that's all
Cram in a day what his youth took a year to hold."

For the volume is one of the blossoms of scarce twenty year's tilling of a wilderness, yet it is well-favored enough for the imprint of an Eastern publisher.

We wondered if the verses deserved to be so well printed, or, indeed, to be printed at all. A stack of audacious experiments at verse-making, thrown off in the periodical shivering fits which a good many Western people mistake for accesses of the muse, had just passed through our hands, as we stood, fateful as Atropos, between the waste-basket and the printing-form. So many of these blue, thin-blooded, ague-shaken efforts — if that word be not too strong — had dropped into their timely grave, that a fierce cynicism seized us upon the point of the prospects of an American Poetry. It occurred to us that a petition to Congress to take the tax off whiskey

and put it upon ink, would be a move towards a finer abstemiousness than even the Maine Law recognized. For the hordes of scribblers would find it difficult, at least for some time, to procure a substitute for the fluid, which they must actually imbibe, it seems to us, and emit, like the cuttle-fish, by insensible perspiration, to obscure their whole neighborhood. During the war, the heavy demand of the Freedmen's Bureau upon the North, for every rag and stitch of clothing it could spare, gave us, together with the call for lint and bandages, a faint hope that no writing paper could be manufactured for several years, during which editors and magazines might recover health and sanity. With paper very scarce, and ink only procurable at Cliquot figures, we thought that it would no longer pay to pluck the geese. But this fury for expression, which, to use Burke's famous sentence, "has all the contortions of the Sybil without her inspiration," might not easily be balked. Already a tolerable paper can be made from wood. The block-heads would soon be using it. In the meantime editors would be receiving bales of old family linen, that had survived the war to staunch the flow of soul. Wherever this remittent fever is stimulated by remittances, how unremitting it must become!

We take heart, however, upon reading some of the verses in this volume that has just issued through the golden gate. Mr. Stoddard is a young man, and this is his first literary venture. It has the faults of youth, but not the damning crime, or blunder, of stupidity. There is a true poetic impulse in it: not of a wide and flashing kind, but delicate and tender, content with simple things, and with a feeling for nature. Mr. Stoddard's verses show as yet a lack of culture, and of an amassing of knowledge. He has not yet been in sympathy with the best ideas of mankind. Every day that he lives will cure his fault of youth, and enhance his excellence of earnestness and poetic sensibility.

Of his technical faults we should enumerate a tendency to florid adjectives, over-painting with picturesque words, and carelessness about the repetition of words that, being of the same sound, come too close together. This last fault is a great offence to the ear: the rhyme ought never to be rhymed in the course of the next line. Verses ought to be laid aside long enough for a subsequent reading, after the interest of composing has died out, to betray these jingles.

Mr. Stoddard is in love with words, as yet. He must be more coy towards them, and warmer with his thought. Such lines as "rapturous witchery of beatitude"—"her lips, where broke the violent fever of her love in turgid crimsoning"—are themselves crimson with the crime of turgidness: as indeed is the whole poem of "Cleopatra," from which we select them. Such subjects are not really in sympathy with Mr. Stoddard's vein. He treats "The First Rain," "At Anchor," "My Friend," "A Rhyme of Life," far more sweetly and naturally.

Let him cling to such as these. Let his verse reflect the scenery of his Pacific coast. Let us have the western atmosphere, in which he lives, enclothing his genuine sentiments.

One of the best poems in the volume is the one entitled "At Point Lobos." Here is a verse :

"Brown pipers run upon the sand
Like shadows ; far out from the land
Gray gulls slide up against the blue :
One shining spar is sudden manned
By squadrons of their wrecking crew."

But he is a very bad watcher of the waves, which

"Cringe,
As flecked with swirls of froth they seethe,
And whip, and flutter to a fringe."

How much better is this picture :

"My city is beyond the hill,
I cannot hear its voices shrill :
I little mind its gains and greeds ;
Here is my song, where waters spill
Their liquid strophes in the reeds."

We welcome Mr. Stoddard's talent to the hard work that is before him, to the renunciation of lively words and cheap effects, of facile moods, to the solitude of study and meditation. He will yet write things that San Francisco will be proud to claim.

"THE ŒDIPUS JUDAICUS. By the RIGHT HONORABLE SIR W. DRUMMOND. London ; 1866." 8vo. pp. 266.

This handsome volume, illustrated with many plates showing the most ancient forms in which the zodiac was represented among different nations, is an attempt to show that the writers of the Pentateuch, like the sages of other ancient nations, used the allegorical method of giving instruction much more largely than they are commonly understood to do.

Since our commentators all admit the existence of allegorical writing in certain portions of the Hebrew Scriptures, and since they insist on giving this interpretation in cases so inherently improbable as certain devotional songs of David, and the amatory "Song of Solomon" — in both of which cases it is claimed that these old Hebrews were writing about Jesus of Nazareth, called "Christ," who was not born until ten or fifteen centuries after — the author of this book is surprised that the same method of interpretation is not applied to other parts of the Old Testament. Especially does he wonder that these commentators, *assuming that the Hebrew Scriptures are divinely inspired*, do not at least seek for an allegorical interpretation to those numerous passages where trivial or unworthy thoughts, words and actions, are attributed to the Supreme Being.

For himself, he feels obliged, as a theist, to reject at once all degrading ideas of God, and representations of Him as displaying such limitations, such fluctuations of feeling, such changes of purpose, and such unworthy motives and actions as human beings display. No human testimony can prevail upon him to think thus of God ; and therefore, when ancient writers tell us that God "cursed" the ground which he had originally made "good"

—and that he was prevailed upon by “smelling a sweet savor” (the burning of the bodies of dead animals by Noah) to say in his heart, “I will not again curse the ground any more” —and that at one time “it repented him” that he had made man at all —and that he ordered the extermination, in the most cruel and brutal manner, of the Canaanitish nations, on the ground that they were idolators, an offence shared by every nation then existing in the world — and that he was material and local, eating veal cutlets with Abraham, wrestling with Jacob, dwelling on a box made of Shittimwood in the temple at Jerusalem, and going out to ride “on a cherub,” (a creature with four heads, like a man’s, a lion’s, a bull’s, and an eagle’s, with four wings, with one hand, and with the hoofs of a calf,) — and that he talked with Moses about pans and shovels, and about the fat and the rump, the caul and the kidneys, of a ram — and finally, that he has doomed vast numbers of men and women to eternal torments, because our first parents ate an apple, after having been tempted by a talking serpent — when things like these, I say, are affirmed by the ancient writers in question, Sir W. Drummond takes the freedom to believe, either that they held erroneous ideas of God, or that they were teaching by allegory, according to the custom of Eastern sages.

Trying what can be made of this last supposition, our author says that — since Moses was learned in all the wisdom of the Egyptians, he expects to find traces of that wisdom in his works ; that the learned among the ancient Egyptians were pure theists, as Cudworth has proved ; that they were deeply skilled in the sciences, but that they carefully concealed their mysterious learning under innumerable symbols and allegories, as the writers of Persia and India also did ; that many of these symbols bore relation to the zodiac, and the phenomena of the heavenly bodies ; and that he looks for a similar method in the writings ascribed to the Jewish lawgiver.

A variety of facts favoring this supposition are brought out in the work in question ; they do not however, to my mind, show the author’s theory to be sound, or even probable. The simpler explanation seems preferable, namely, that the Old Testament writers, painting the Divinity according to the best of the knowledge and belief of each, yet failed to apprehend him thoroughly. Later light has sufficiently taught us which of their ideas to receive, and which to reject ; but we all may safely adopt the test presented by the intelligent and discriminating author of this book, namely — not to let any human testimony, ancient or modern, persuade us to attribute to God any feelings, thoughts, words or actions unworthy of infinite excellence.

C. K. W.

PRAYERS OF THE AGES. Compiled by CAROLINE S. WHITMARSH. Boston : Ticknor & Fields. 1868.

LIKE the Complete Letter Writer, or Universal Receipt Book, this may prove a useful compilation for those who feel the special need of it ; but one must have a great deal of the devotional sentiment, else it will get very thin, being spread over some of these extensive forms ; or one must have very little of the spirit of prayer, if it needs all this devotional rhetoric for

its excitation. Most of these prayers are too long. Here are paraphrases (parodies?) of the Lord's Prayer which reach over several pages, but add nothing but words to the original. The very good prayers in this volume are, with few exceptions, very short. Most of the selections are in harmony with the popular worship and current theologies; but the heretics are also admitted, besides others who belong to no special Christian fold. Here is Theodore Parker praying with much fervor and beauty—and almost as long as the longest. There is a division of chapters drawn between the Christian and the heathen selections, and Shakespeare, who is neither Christian nor heathen, but simply and grandly human, has somehow torn or penetrated this veil of the temple and got on both sides of the line. The work is careless enough to exclude some of the best prayers, especially from the heathen chapter; but it has been done with sufficient care and thoroughness to suggest the general poverty and attenuation of devotional literature. As a manual of devotion for those who pray by the book, this volume will probably furnish about all that is desired; and others may here meet for the first time a few brave and devout sentences worth the price of the whole collection—supposing it possible to state the exact value of a good sentence in dollars and cents.

E. F.

THE AMERICAN ATHENÆUM: Devoted to the Progressive and Æsthetic Sciences. Vol. I. No. I. New York. Jan. 4, 1868.

THE first number of a folio paper of sixteen pages, with the above title, has reached us. An "American Athenæum Association" has been organized in New York, the members of which are thoroughly imbued with the liberal sentiments in politics, theology and literature, which the young mind of the country longs to see embodied in fairer forms. The promise of this first number is excellent. There is a clear, honest, well-written statement of the objects of the Journal: it is cool and self-possessed, does not anticipate too much, but is radically liberal. So is the article upon "The Pulpit's Opportunity," which turns the guns of the democratic newspapers very effectually upon them. "The true spirit of Progress," is also well conceived, and does not halt in its tone, outspoken, without heat and violence, but echoing very faithfully the claims and necessities of our growing society. The Journal provides for the translation of valuable papers from the French and German: and we have here the first instalment of "French Progressive Philosophy in the Nineteenth Century," translated, and well-done too, from the German. There are several columns of entirely original material to illustrate "Negro Folk Lore," apropos of the recent publication of "The Slave Songs of the United States." Smaller articles and paragraphs are sure to have some subject of interest.

It is well printed, in clear type, and in the very best form for comfortable reading. We welcome heartily this unexpected laborer in the great cause of the emancipation of American society from all its superstitions, and of the education of all its races in the true principles of a republic.

The paper is a weekly: its terms are Five Dollars a year, in advance. Address "American Athenæum, No. 63, William Street, New York."

J. W.